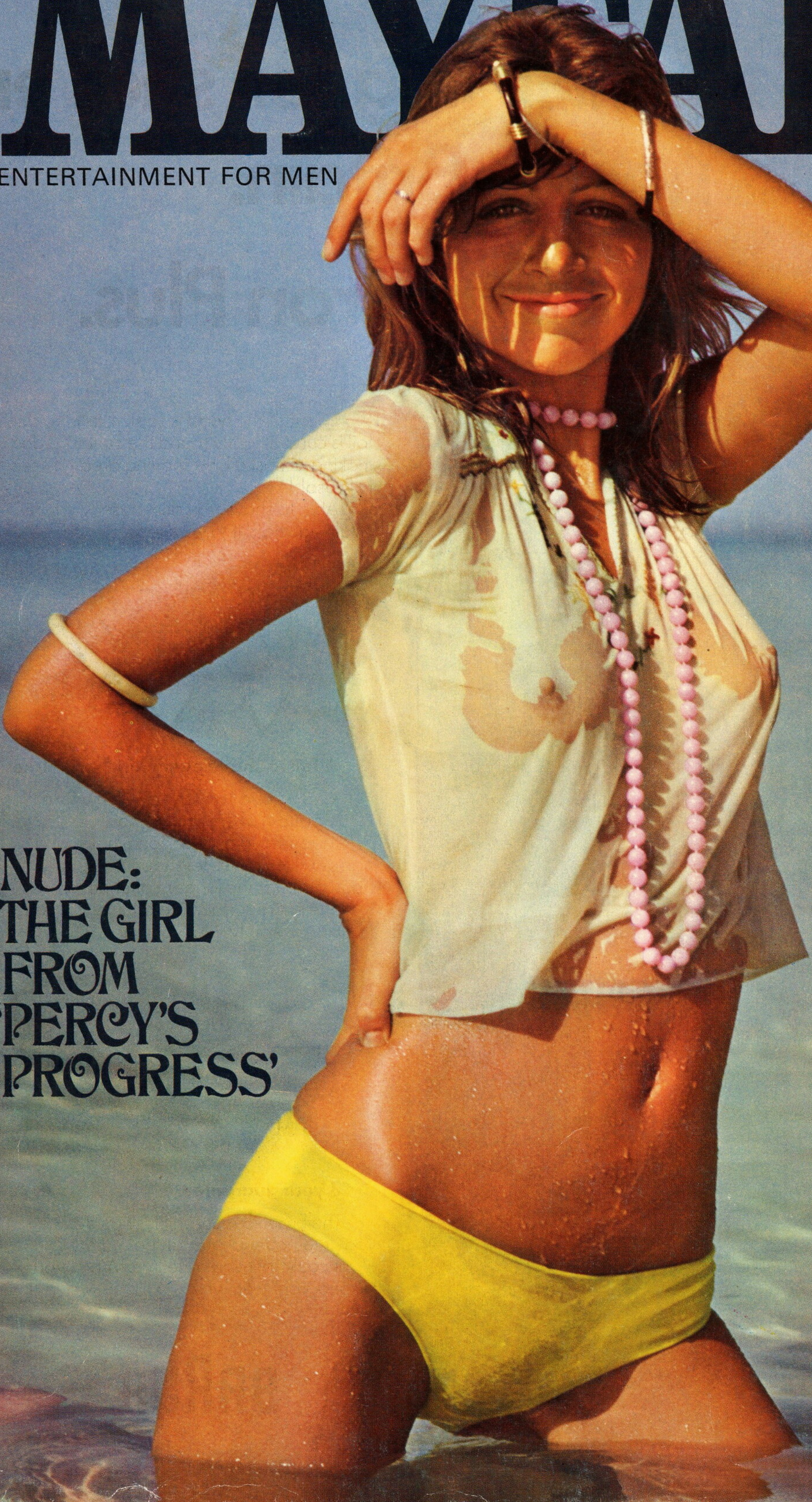
MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 10 No. 6 50p



NUDE: THE GIRL FROM 'PERCY'S PROGRESS'

SENSATIONAL SIX SUMMER SIRENS

BAREKNUCKLE BATTLERS

FASHION FLIRTS: NEW QUEST SURVEY

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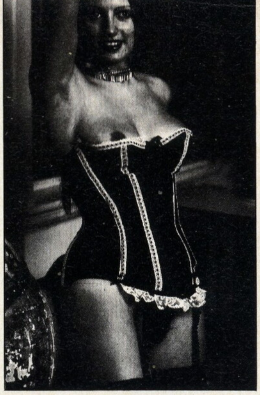

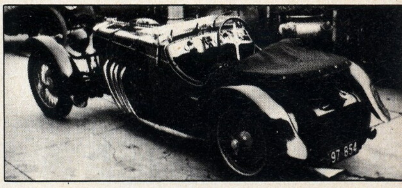

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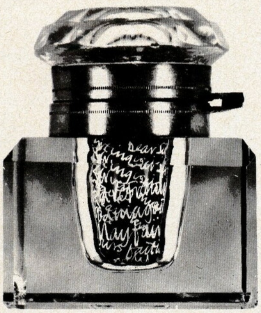
LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Recently, while in Liberia, on Africa's west coast, I came across the following article in the 'Liberian Star' newspaper, under the heading 'Man Cuts Off His Male Organ.' Now, I quote: 'A 50-year-old Liberian of West Point, Monrovia, is reported to be in a critical condition at J. F. Kennedy Hospital after cutting off his male organ with a knife because he could not find a job. He reportedly committed the grissly [*sic*] act at midnight on Monday while his wife was sound asleep. After severing his organ he woke up his wife who got panicked at the sight and raised an alarm.

The man was rushed to hospital that night and his cut off organ was collected and taken to the hospital where it is being stored. The police said the cut organ is about two and a half inches long.'

R. P. Cairns, Nassau, Bahamas

'The Beer, Jill Walker and Piggy Fisk,' was most interesting. Although billed as 'nostalgia' it was, to all intents and purposes, a piece of fiction since it was so obviously written by an intelligent adult trying to portray the experiences and aspirations of an adolescent. Whether or not the adolescent was P. M. Jones, is unimportant: everything becomes fiction at that sort of distance. 'Piggy Fisk' did, however, succeed. It got inside the characters, who are shown as plausible individuals, not just tireless, sweatless, screwing machines.

Pardon me saying it, but it is also by these reasons that the main fiction piece, 'The Turning-On of Miss Fitz' fails so abysmally.

If the characters in Terence Mooney's story are realistic portrayals of human beings, we clearly haven't got much longer to go before the cabbages start planting *us*.

Presumably, a psychiatrist could make much of the demure-yet-sexily dressed Miss Fitz. He may even make more of the author's repeated insistence on his (the hero's) virility ('husky manhood', 'torturing a man till he had to have it', 'tall dark men', 'at the mercy of an unscrupulous man', etc.). Obsessive repetition, as if the hero was afraid his virility might disappear if he didn't keep reassuring himself of it. A real mixture of exhibitionism, coyness and guilt;

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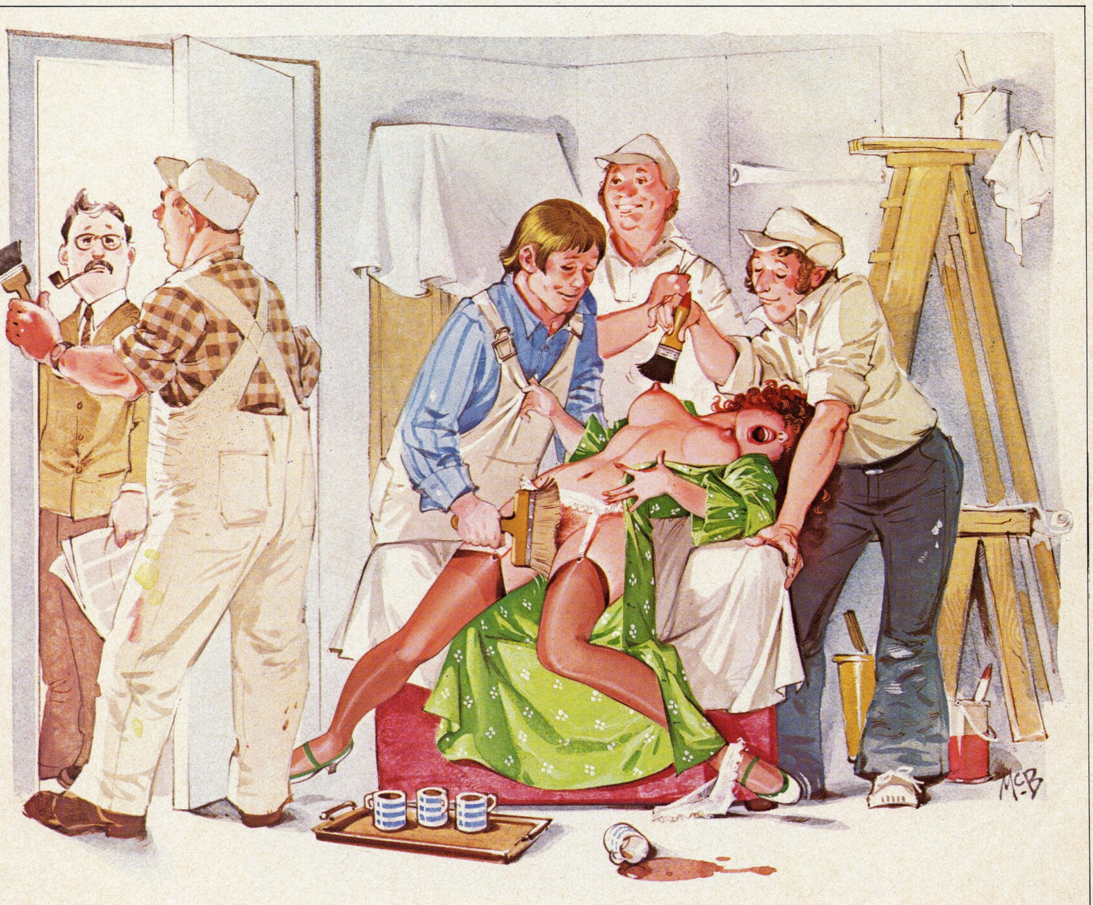


'Your wife says you're not to come in till we've done everything to her complete satisfaction.'

LETTERS

continued from page 9

'Martha was too nice, too decent a girl not to avert her gaze from actually witnessing the triumphant entry of the gladiator into the arena of love.'

Jerry Dorey, Leeds

One of the secrets of Mayfair's *two million readership is our ability to find something for everybody – but this must mean that not everything will please everybody.*

In these days of energy conservation I am surprised more girls do not take up cycling. Not only does it help to keep a trim figure trim but it can also have some fascinating side effects.

A few years ago I went out with a very pretty girl whom I'd met at the works cycling club. One day we rode to the Wye Valley and found a quiet spot for a picnic lunch we'd packed. She seemed troubled but assured me she was all right. When she went quiet again I once more asked her if she was okay and it was then that she admitted that the bike saddle really turned her on – made her randy and wet.

Once, when we rode to work together (she had had to borrow her brother's bike as hers had a puncture) she jumped off the bike, and her hand went straight to her fanny and pressed. She told me later that the boys' saddle was so long and narrow that it had dug deep into her, and that she had had to finish the job manually.

It was then that I hit on an idea. I bought a similar saddle, punched lace holes along the edge and then soaked it in water until the leather was saturated. I then forced a large ball bearing towards the front between the leather and the frame. This done, I laced the holes and pulled them tight underneath and left the leather to dry. The result was a product like a long leather tube with a hard blister protruding upwards at the front.

She could hardly believe it and for the following three months we nearly worked ourselves out, to the point that I was afraid to go near her after she'd ridden her bicycle, the blister from the ball bearing grinding her clitoris to a shattering climax.

W. S Newport, Mon.

Embassy
FILTER
THE HOUSE OF EMBASSY
Embassy
VIRGINIA
the best in smoking
EM299P

MIDDLE TAR
As defined in H.M. Government Tables published in September 1974.
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

When I was a young Royal Navy rating earning precious little money, some elder members of my messdeck suggested that I accompany them on a weekend to London. We finished up in a pub used by homosexuals. I was very drunk by this time and as I had nowhere to sleep that night I accompanied two men back to their flat where, after certain sexual activities, I was presented with £10.

I've now left the navy, and have attempted normal sexual intercourse. I am able to sustain an erection for long periods, and I quite enjoy the company of women and performing the sex act with them. But I find I cannot reach total climax without some financial reward. And as I've yet to meet too many women willing to pay me for my services, I feel my sex life may have been permanently impaired by my naval activities. This is my own particular peculiarity, however I'm now but one member of a five man diving team, each of whom has his own sexual deviation or fetish. Two are confirmed rubber fetishists who are able to climax only when dressed in a rubber suit. Another member gets extra pleasure from extreme heat and recalls amusing anecdotes about flat irons, coal fires, welding machines etc. The other chap likes to dress in women's clothing and parade up and down in front of the window of his flat with an erection protruding from under his ballet skirt.

This is just a random sample of the diving fraternity and I would be extremely interested in hearing from other divers on their deviations.

(Name and address withheld)

Could definitely be a case of there's more going on beneath the surface than one would imagine!

Jeff Lester's letter, condemning magazines like *Mayfair* (Vol. 10 No. 3) is misguided. Let me deal with a number of points he raises. Firstly, he blames our favourite 'Entertainment for Men' magazine of encouraging sexual offences. This is absolute nonsense as there have always been sexual offenders; a good few thousand years before *Mayfair* came to brighten up our lives. I, personally, prefer to think of two million contented readers perusing *Mayfair*, than a few who go in for hard-core, sado-masochistic and fetishist literature.

Secondly, there is the matter of Mr. Lester's Biblical quotation, from Romans 1, verses 26, 29, 30. While I am no admirer of the apostle Paul I feel I must protest against the taking of his words out of context. If Mr. Lester had read a few verses on, he would have found 'You therefore have no defence – you just sit in judgement, whoever you may be – for in judging your fellow man you condemn yourself, since you the judge are equally guilty'. (Romans 2, verse 1, New English Bible.)

And that's a far cry from the partial quotation Mr. Lester gave us. Misogynist and bigot was Paul, but we must give him credit for some of his writings. Mr. Lester, however, in his very effective 'self-condemnation' quotes the poor man's words piecemeal, and runs into danger of blackening not only Paul's name, but that of the Christian Church, to which I proudly belong.

One gathers from Mr. Lester's letter that he is against any form of homosexuality. Undoubtedly he is entitled to *his* view, as I am mine, but attempting to stir up feelings against homosexuals and bisexuals in the name of Christ is nothing more than blasphemy. Can you imagine Christ of the Gospels campaigning for the persecution of those whose only crime is that they love in their own way?

I hope that readers will take note, and will not be led to believe that all Christians hold Mr. Lester's view. Some of us, at least, can see through him.

Robert Saunders, Stockport, Cheshire

Way back in Vol. 9 No. 10, Mrs. G.L., of West Lothian, stated that the size of a man's penis is proportionate to the size of his feet – the smaller the feet, the bigger the penis.

I have also found this to be the case. My own penis is four inches, fully erect, and I take a size ten shoe. A friend of mine who claims a seven inch erection takes a size seven shoe.

Many men I know boast of having enormous cocks, but I am proud of my four incher. I believe that no other male *Mayfair* reader, has a smaller one.

(Name and address withheld)

And proud of it you should be; anyone who says differently hasn't got a leg to stand on.

Many girls in your recent Quest surveys have commented on the 'great size of a man's penis' when recounting their experiences. As a chap with an extremely large one, I must recount a recent encounter of mine.

A very attractive girl I have known for many years has recently divorced, and when I took her out for a drink, she opened up her heart to me. She said she was frigid and had never enjoyed sex, which surprised me as I had always thought her most sexy.

Despite several attempts to bed her over the following weeks, she appeared determined to foil my attempts to prove, or disprove, what she had said. Then one day she phoned and said a friend had recommended a vibrator, but she was too shy to buy one herself. She asked if I would buy one for her. I bought a nice big one and took it round one evening. She agreed to let me use it on her and she lay on the floor. At first it was not very successful, she was very dry and said it was hurting, so we lubricated it with butter and tried again. I sought out her clitoris and she started to respond. I pushed the vibrator in her a little way, then moved it up and down in a screwing motion which she seemed to like.

By now I was as stiff as a board and, being confined to my trousers, was feeling extremely uncomfortable. I unzipped my fly and let loose my massive weapon. She had her eyes shut and was giving little moans as I used the vibrator. I got between her legs, in a kneeling position, and pulled out the vibrator and went forward on top of her. I hit bullseye first time, and drove it home right up to the hilt – her moans had, by now, turned to screams. I didn't let up, just kept on going and soon she erupted under me. I kept it moving in and out, then I

turn to page 106

Things happen after a badedas bath

(they say it's got something to do with the horse chestnuts)

Welcoming waters, foamy, green and exciting.
Heady with the mysterious magic of horse
chestnuts. A fresh, invigorating sensation.
A powerful lust for living. You might call
it Lebenslust, if you happen to know the word.
(But badedas says it better.) badedas

The most stimulating thing since bathing itself-
with extract of horse chestnuts.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN CRACKNELL

ALAN CRACKNELL

ARE YOU MY ANGEL?

Fiction by Landreth Leaper

She came there to visit a friend while her husband of six days was away. What compelling madness made her yield to the gentle stranger by the sea?

It had been a strange day. Even, for her, a forbidden day, the kind of day she wasn't allowed to have any more, though I didn't think she'd given up all her freedom, presumably that wasn't exactly what marriage was all about. But no doubt she was wondering if she ought to feel a little guilty. Night was almost falling, and when I looked up I could just see the first stars. The cold atmosphere of late autumn, or early winter, intensified the sharpness of everything, and always there was the music of the sea, the unending sounds of waves.

'This is it then,' I said.

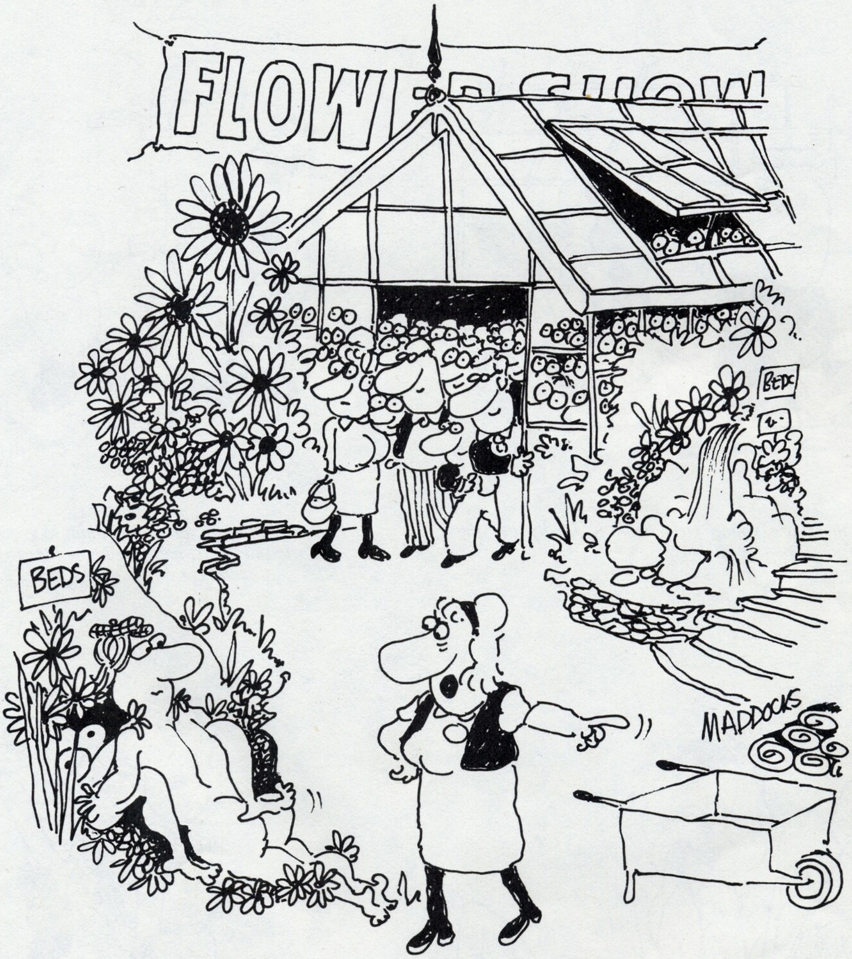
'I could walk to the station with you.'

'No,' I said. 'Saying goodbye at stations is worst of all. I'll say goodbye to you here. Perhaps, in a way, I've already said goodbye to you.'

'Funny how goodbye is such a sad word.'

'But it has to be,' I said, gently. 'You know that, it's what you want. For my own part, I'd be willing for it not to be.'

'No, it can't be any other way. But, I've


FLOWER SHOW
BEDS
BEDS
MADDOCKS

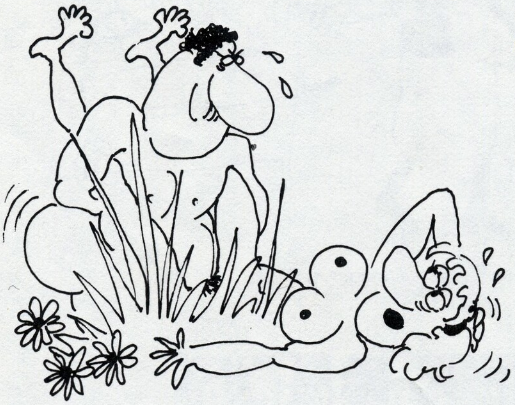
'I thought it was turf you were supposed to be laying?'

DEFLOWER SHOW

Peter Maddocks has some bawdy
ideas on how to have a blooming good
time at the local flower show

'Albert, there are young girls about – kindly use the dibber!'

'I was told that if you want a plant to grow, all you have to do is talk to it, and you know me, I could talk the hind leg off a donkey, and . . .'



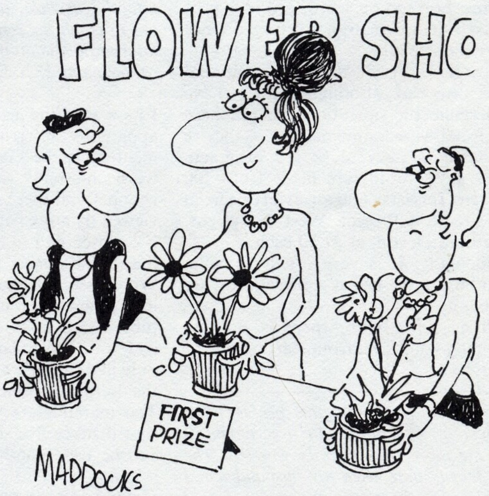
'When you said first prize was a million seeds, I thought you meant the packet kind.'

'You should get those two bulbs planted, darling, before they get too dry!'

'Mummy, have you ever in your life seen anything grow so quickly?'

'The one over there's called Mother-In-Law's Tongue, but I'm not going to say what the other is called.'

'I warned her to keep away from that tobacco plant.'


FLOWER SHO
FIRST PRIZE
MADDOCKS

SECOND OPINION

Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr. Charles Vintner

This page is to help readers with medical and psychological problems they might find too intimate, or too slight, to take to their doctors. Dr. Vintner's advice is meant to complement that of the reader's GP

A number of my friends have told me that there is a 'vasectomy club' in the United Kingdom, whose members are entitled to wear, among other things, a special necktie. As my wife and I have been discussing the pros and cons of the operation, I wonder if you could supply a, any information about vasectomy and b, this special vasectomy club? L.P., Cheltenham.

Vasectomy, or male sterilisation, is a simple, safe and permanent form of contraception. The word comes from 'vas' – the name given to the tube which carries the sperm from the testicles to the penis. In a vasectomy, this tube is cut, and the ends sealed. The operation entails one or two incisions in the scrotum, under local anaesthetic, of course, and is virtually painless.

A vasectomy can make sexual relations more enjoyable, by eliminating the risk of an unwanted pregnancy. A man who has undergone the operation, ejaculates just the same; the testicles still manufacture hormones; sperm are still produced but are reabsorbed and do not enter the semen.

As far as I can tell, there is no national vasectomy club, although men who have undergone the operation can purchase a special vasectomy necktie – they're available in navy, dark red or green, carry a 'V' motif, are made from 100 per cent Terylene, and are available from the Crediton Project, West Longsight, Crediton, Devon, at £1.50 each.

Incidentally, it is very often the wife, who buys these ties as a present for her husband.

And as for a club, there is nothing stopping you, L.P., from starting one of your own.

I hope you won't find this problem too disgusting, though I can assure you it has me more than slightly worried. The problem is that when my husband and I make love, just after my orgasm, I tend to loose control and pass water. I haven't dared talk to my doctor about it as I would die of embarrassment.

Another thing we've noticed is that my husband is unable to maintain a full erection in the mornings until he's been to the toilet. On such times we've tried to make love, could he do anything inside me? After all, urine is full of germs, isn't it? B.G., Muswell Hill, London.

No, it's not. Urine when fresh, is one of the purest and most sterile of liquids.

There is nothing at all wrong with your husband's apparent early morning failures. It's just the call of nature.

Similarly, there's nothing for you to worry about. A considerable number of women are affected the same way as you. And all it means is that immediately after your orgasm you're so contented that even the muscle which closes off the bladder relaxes for a second. Stop worrying!

I've been hearing quite a bit recently from friends about a supposed new contraceptive device for men. Evidentially, it was mentioned in one of the medical journals, but as yet I've been unable to discover what sort of professional reaction it aroused. It is a device which is inserted into the urethra, and is literally blown out to catch the semen. Do you have any information about this device, as it sounds rather painful? Y.F., Reading.

I have read the article to which you are apparently referring. The device you mention is the Gamic Appliance. It is worn internally – inside the urethral channel – so there is no evidence of it as viewed by a sex partner. The glans penis is exposed and in constant contact with the vagina during the sex act.

When inserted, the Gamic is about one inch long and consists of a central core tube with a small collecting teat on the end, rather similar to a condom, but only in miniature and all tucked away in the urethral channel prior to intercourse. The manufacturers, may I add, claim that it takes five seconds to insert, and can be used continually for up to two years.

If you can't visualise it, think of it as a furled umbrella inside the penis and on ejaculation it opens to collect the semen. After intercourse the device is removed. It is claimed that all contraceptive problems are solved with this device as the woman no longer needs the Pill or IUDs. I can't believe, however, that the average male would like to insert something like a Swan match into his penis every time he was about to make love. As I have not examined the device I cannot recommend it, but the article in the medical journal went into the pros and cons in some detail. I would suggest that you consult your own doctor, should you still be interested in it.

Although I am 25 years old, and quite mature in many respects, I am unable to grow a beard. Many of my girlfriends have expressed a desire for the hairy ape-man type, and my smooth cheeks just don't stand a chance. I am desperately serious over this matter, as it makes me feel that I'm not a complete man.
J.L., Wirral.

Why on earth should a lack of hirsuteness affect your sex life one way or the other? Facial hair, indicates nothing sexual. Be grateful that it's saving you razor blades! There are many men who wish they didn't have to shave at all. If you're going out with a girl who likes her men to have facial hair when having sex, then tell her she's got her priorities slightly mixed. If you *must* have a beard for your peace of mind, hormones may overcome the growth failure. Just ask your doctor for referral to a specialist who would then be able to carry out the necessary tests and advise on a course of treatment.

Dr. Vintner welcomes your letters and all letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. The name Dr. Charles Vintner is a pseudonym for a qualified medical practitioner.

DR. VINTNER REPLIES ONLY TO LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL OTHERWISE BE ENTERED INTO.

Address your letters to: Dr. Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Behind every mother-in-law joke there lurks a ragingly sensual passion. Commonsense Freudianism, you might say – down to bed if not down-to-earth. And in those innocent South Pacific societies where, anthropologists say, we can behold our own original sins guiltlessly enacted, they still enact public rituals that explicate that theory. (What actually happens is that older women show their daughters how to perform sexual intercourse; at subsequent ceremonies, if the young girl doesn't perform adequately, her mother takes her place. If mum does the judging herself, I can only comment: Nice one, ma-in-law!)

Hence those bawdy songs – there's a record full of them on my gramophone now – in which the young minstrel sings how he 'kissed' (sic) the mother before the daughter, and other clear euphemisms . . . Hence, too, a new book by a longtime favourite erotic novelist, Francis Pollini. Called **The Hall** (Quartet, £3.50), it's ostensibly about a pseudo-posh middle class couple who entice a young American serviceman into marrying and impregnating (I think I've got the order right) their younger daughter. Seems they are under the illusion that he's awfully rich – and they contrive to give him the impression that they're well-to-do county types in their turn.

Well, this is what Pollini's Yankee hero doesn't get up to on, as it were: innocent games of tennis that follow even more innocent courses in punting (careful with the spoonerism, Mr Printer) on a local lake that follow even more innocent evenings watching television in the family's lounge that follow most innocent of all bouts of buttocks-jingling up-down-up-down riding on the smooth velvety backs of well-behaved horses.

Still young Lochinvar comes not out of the west.

So prospective would-be mother-in-law takes a hand. Yes, it's that very same, soft and warm hand that caresses the hookable son-in-law's unfledged cheek. She invites him in for lunch, tete-a-tete and intimate, fills him to glowing point with wine, good food, and coffee, then invites him to a convenient couch. When mature woman stoops to conquer she naturally has more weapons at her disposal than your average inexperienced slim flibbertigibbet of a girl. She knows more about murmuring, lovingly. Her fingers are better versed in gliding, exquisitely. Her methods are deeper, even wilier, when it comes to fondling, soothingly. Pollini's hero has just enough self-awareness left to record: 'I could hear her voice murmuring, her hands inexpressibly, exquisitely fondling me, their surfaces gliding like silk over me.'

The lady herself speaks to our hero with the winsome mannerisms we usually associate with dog owners. Perhaps that's what mothers-in-law really are, at heart: just sometimes the petting urge is sublimated, turns to directions altogether less hairy and more fleshly.

Well now, quite candidly, dear reader, dog owners and mothers-in-law are another scene entirely. For the 'do you minds' this lady is excusing herself for are really ministrations we associate with quite different set-ups. Our hero tells us that her fondling has turned into a sort of warm breath around *the* region. In a combined agony and ecstasy he comments: 'Was that possibly her face, her lips – "You don't mind me kissing you here, do you dear?" . . . More than kissing now, and my principal member, my first in implementing importance of my procreative apparatus was being engulfed by what could surely only be her mouth, her tongue, the whole of the interior of that warm, wet orifice . . .'

As I say, older women know how far they can go, far better than their less experienced daughters. This one senses in time that she had better let matters rest awhile, seeks to calm her young boy lover.

Did I say, calm? Would you find it *calming*, precisely, to be hugged to a most attractive bosom, to have your head virtually engulfed by mammaries (ah, the memories), to have a certain exquisite something guided into your mouth, to suck, and a second soft orb to stroke . . . 'Under her gentle guidance, my fingers found themselves closing about its tip, stroking it, closing about it . . . now she was sighing, moaning, at times in unison with my own moaning.' Soon enough all this none-too-maternal activity entered a new phase. Son, utterly, almost literally transfixed by mother's stupendous orbs, finds himself straddled by her, soft white thighs athwart his face, deliciously threatening total engulfment!

The amazing, utterly stupendous phenomenon was not that this scene took place, with its inevitable pole-thrusting finale. From what the anthropologists tell me, the whole scene is more probable than not. It wasn't even that it took Our Hero a week in bed to recuperate, and a week more till he could manage to creep out of his own flat. No siree. It was the incident when his oh-so-loving mother-in-law's other daughter (not the one he was fated to marry) spent a quiet evening having him on the mat, so to speak. It all started too innocently. (Just like that innocent lunch with her mother.) She invited him to put a comradely arm around her as they sat side by side on the sofa. (Just like mother offering a second helping of pie.) She rested her head on his shoulder, innocent as a sister-in-law should be, and touched his cheek. (Just like her mother, too, had once touched his cheek.)

Mysteries of the orgasm? This still, from Dusan Makavejev's 1971 film fantasy, 'WR – Mysteries of the Organism,' is one of 322 illustrations (16 in colour) in 'A Pictorial History of Sex in the Movies' by Jeremy Pascall and Clyde Jeavons (Hamlyn, £2.95). The book traces sex in commercial cinema over the past 80 years.

Then she demanded: kiss me! Was this a sisterly kiss?

'A tongue of fire was in my mouth. She moaned, she caressed me . . . She made little sounds, moans, she was quivering in my arms, her hands stroked my head, my face, my neck. She was arousing me . . . Where would this sort of thing lead? The *deja vu* was phenomenal.'

From soft searching tongue to soft searching fingers to soft, searching drenching wet orifice is but a nuance. Especially when you're on a sofa. A nuance, but hardly a convenience.

Little sister, moving most privately, gets onto the luxuriously carpeted floor, insists on being mounted from behind, gasps at the touch of an enormously engorged organ, gasps, too, at the whispered comment 'It's all in the family', gasps as she makes the most amazingly gentle little movements that send a tingling madness surging through her mounted man, gasps as his hands brush the tips of her small breasts, gasps as his whole body becomes a mad pounding thing . . .

Thereafter sister Eileen and her mother commence a ritual of nightly visits, alternating with such precision one might almost suppose they had colluded on the issue, and one might be absolutely right.

Well, have you ever heard of a young man agreeing to an early marriage to avoid being screwed to death by his new female in-laws?

SHELAGH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID HINTON

Where the grey waters of the River Ness stream from the Great Glen that severs the northernmost Highlands from the body of Scotland is the birthplace of 21-year-old Shelagh Murray. 'Inverness is a superb place,' she tells us with only a trace now of the soft and precise burr that marks the region, 'but you must take it on its own level. When I was younger I was mad keen to get away – there are pubs, of course and a few restaurants, but no really city entertainments. Now that I've lived in the south I'm glad about that. People are so friendly and straight forward up here.' Friendliness is 34–23–34 inch Shelagh's forte, as newcomer photographer David Hinton bears witness when he 'literally waylayed' her on the steep paths of Edinburgh's West Princes Street Gardens. 'I had no idea who this strange man was,' Shelagh grins at the memory. 'He kept on about photography

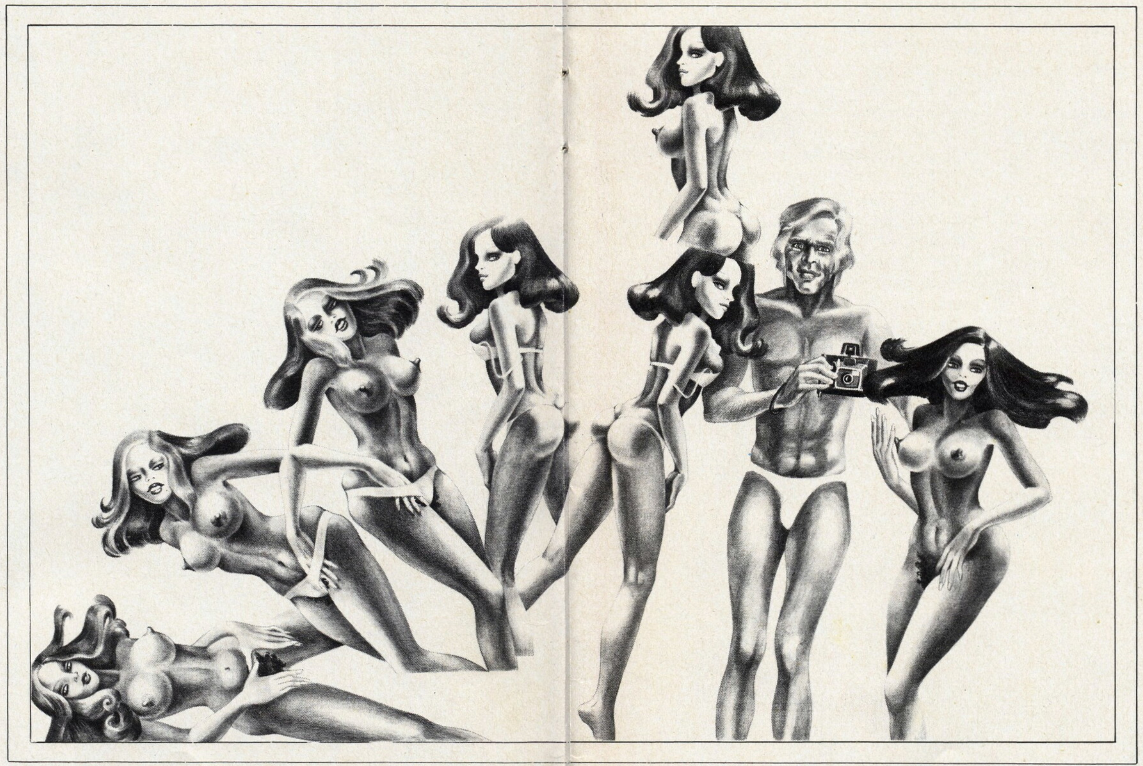
and how really marvellous I would look with my clothes off. We created quite a scene.' Having been persuaded of the truth of David's intentions, she took a brief two-days' leave from her job in a local travel agency and departed for two three-hour photographic sessions at her nearby shared flat. 'I honestly enjoyed myself,' she confided. 'I think all women have a bit of an exhibitionist streak. I mean, I admire myself in the mirror when I'm alone – it's even a little on-turning. But women's bodies are so much nicer than men's, just from an aesthetic point of view. I can find browsing through *Mayfair*, for example, quite interesting. It's only afterwards I wonder what men would find exciting. Men get turned on by the oddest things. I had a boyfriend once who insisted I wear long strings of pearls, about two or three at a time, which dangled right down between my cleavage. I was supposed to wear them everywhere! But I mustn't be too rude, must I?' Over-generosity is Shelagh's abiding fault. 'I know that sounds mean,' she says, 'but

unless a boy-girl relationship works swimmingly from the start you're really feeling your way, aren't you? Literally sometimes! I used to get into terrible trouble when I first came to Edinburgh. People are more sophisticated here and if a man was persistent but polite I found it terribly hard to say I just wasn't interested. Of course, it's easy enough to just move away, or even say so – certainly much more honest – but you have to learn to do that.' Weekends invariably find Shelagh homeward bound in a battered but much loved Morris 1100. There she walks, rides or, lately, follows the wind-swept A9 to the Aviemore ski centre. A boyfriend introduced her to the Scottish ski slopes. Now the boyfriend has gone but the sporting enthusiasm remains. 'Six months ago I would have laughed if anyone said I would enjoy anything so energetic, but it's so incredibly exhilarating. If you haven't tried you ought to.' And other exhilarations? 'Sex is a very private thing. I'm not really happy with it outside a good strong relationship, which can survive anyway. But there's always the chance someone will sweep you off your feet.' A sudden grey-eyed grin. 'And then of course you never know what might happen.'

ILLUSTRATION BY CARMO

Nudity is nice Cyn, but you can get over-exposed

Taking nude photographs of your wife for the family album may sound a great idea, says Mike George. But it can lead to surprising developments



'What is it?'

'It's a polaroid camera, Cyn.'

'What on earth do we want a polaroid camera for?'

'Fun, Cyn.'

'I don't quite understand. How can we have fun with a polaroid camera?'

'Oh, come on, love – use your imagination.'

'So – I'm using my imagination. Now tell me how we are supposed to have fun with a polaroid camera.'

'By taking pictures of you in your birthday suit – that's how.'

'Don't be so daft.'

'I'm not being daft. What's so daft about it? Have you ever had a picture of yourself in the nude before, Cyn?'

'Yes, of course.'

'No, you haven't.'

'Yes, I have. On a leopard skin rug when I was two. Mummy's got it in her handbag.'

'Yes – well, I'd like one of you now for my handb . . . well – for posterity.'

'You mean a bum shot.'

'No, Cyn. I do not mean a bum shot. Posterity means that when you're a grey haired old lady of ninety you'll be able to remember what a lovely body you once had – but of course, no one else will believe you unless you have proof.'

'So, you're suggesting that from my wheelchair I start flashing bum shots of myself at my grandchildren. Anything better guaranteed to stunt the little blighters' growth . . .

'For heaven's *sake*, Cyn – stop calling them bum shots all the time. You have a perfectly lovely, lithe, languid body which would be a photographer's dream if only you'd see reason. Very soon your appendages will droop and you'd have to pay someone handsomely to photograph you at all. Here I am offering to do it . . .'

'Begging.'

'I beg your pardon?'

'You're not offering to take pictures of me. You're begging – or you soon will be, anyway. You sick in the head, or sump'n?'

'Oh, for heaven's sake, Cyn. Why can't you at least accept it as a compliment like any other normal bird would? Who knows – we may come up with such a cracking good combination of arms and legs that you'll end up as *Mayfair's* centre page spread of the month.'

'Not unless you can teach a polaroid to lie, we won't.'

'Stop playing yourself down, Cyn. You've got a gorgeous body. Honestly you have. All I want is a nice reclining study.'

'You can take one with my dressing gown on.'

'I don't want one of your dressing gown, Cyn. I want one of you. All of you. In colour. In skin. Get it?'

'Yes – but you don't. You're perverted.'

'Cyn, you first said that about me eight years ago when I suggested getting undressed with the lights on. Remember? Come a long way since then, haven't we, gal! Now come along. Get 'em off and recline on the couch.'

'I'll keep my bra and pants on and you can take one like that.'

'*Right* Cyn. That's great. For a start.'

'Where did you get the camera from, anyway?'

'I borrowed it from Matt.'

'Do you know how to use it properly?'

'Er . . . yes, of course I do, dear. I . . . er . . . took a couple of shots of one of the typists at lunchtime and they came out all right. It's easy.'

'You *didn't* take shots of someone else, did you? What sort of shots?'

'Oh – ordinary shots, dear. I mean, you've never let me take any of you and you know how keen I am on photography and . . .'

'How did they come out?'

'You can have a look, if you like. I think I've got them here in the camera box somewhere . . . ah! Here we are. There.'

'You did, too. My God. The little bitch is completely starkers! She let you take *these*? Well, honestly. How degrading. For both of you. In the office, too. Across one of the typing pool desks.'

'I had to try out the camera, Cyn. There's absolutely nothing degrading about it at all. Matt was explaining how it worked, Lucinda just happened to be there and being justifiably proud of the gorgeously usable chassis with which she was endowed by God she needed little encouragement to reveal her all for art. I think she's come out rather well, don't you?'

'Mmmm. No bad, I suppose.'

'Well then. You could do a lot better, though, doll. Next to you Lucinda looks like Twiggy so imagine if I took some of you like this . . . they'd be an absolute wow.'

'Well . . . what sort of shots, exactly . . . like this, d'you mean?'

'That's *it*, Cyn. Great. Terrific. Super. Now, don't move. Hold it right there. Blast . . . forgot to put a bulb in. Don't flinch – stay where you are. There. Hold it now . . . say *cru . . . cheese*. Oh *great*. Now we wait sixty seconds and see if it came out . . . Oh, will you just *look* at this, Cyn. It's marvellous of you, darling. Later on in life you'll absolutely treasure this picture, I promise you. Your boobs look just great.'

'Mmmm. Aren't you forgetting one thing, though?'

'What's that, love?'

'They are *mine*, aren't they? Not yours. As such I think I should have something to say about their copyright, or whatever. Anyway – do you intend to keep jawing on about it or did you think you might take some more? I mean, having got me stripped off and interested you may as well take advantage of my mood while it lasts.'

'Er . . . yes, of course – if you'd like me to, dear. Er . . . I never knew you could do that before, Cyn?'

'Didn't you? Yes . . . I learned it at yoga class last week. Fascinating, isn't it – the contortions the human body is able to assume. Meant to make you very supple – this one, apparently.'

'But don't you think it's a bit . . . revealing, Cyn?'

'Yes, of course it is, Michael – and I do believe you're turning a little coy.'

'No, Cyn – it's just that I'm surprised . . . very pleasantly so, I may add – by your sudden transgression from Maiden Modesty to . . . well . . . willing exhibitionist. Whatever brought about such a transformation, may I ask?'

'I don't know. A woman's natural vanity, I suppose. As soon as you showed me those pictures you'd taken of that tarty little office piece my pride insisted that if that was what you wanted then I would damn well show you both a thing or two *and* go one better than just turning myself on with a typewriter knob. So now I suppose you'd like one of me in my thigh boots and fishnet tights with the riding crop from your study wall between my teeth and a pair of spurs as earrings, maybe . . .?'

'Er, Cyn . . . before we go any further I do feel I ought to mention . . .'

'. . . Or would you prefer me sitting on the mirror top table with my ankles clasped round the back of my neck . . .?'

'Er, Cyn . . . just to get the record, straight, I . . .'

'. . . Or I could do a handstand against the French windows and you could take one from outside in the garden . . .'

'Er, Cyn . . . if I was to tell you that . . .'

'. . . Or you could strip off as well and we'll get Susannah in to take one of us both writhing on the carpet together . . .'

'Cyn . . . I didn't take the pictures of the girl in the office . . .'

'Or I could . . . what did you say?'

'The pictures. The ones I said I'd taken of the typist? I didn't. I don't know who she is, actually. They were left inside the camera case and I found them after I'd borrowed it and . . . well, that's all – really.'

'Michael . . . you *sod*. You got me all worked up and excited for nothing.'

'Not for nothing, Cyn – no. We've got some gorgeous shots of you very enticingly *au naturel* for posterity and in the normal course of events you would have doubtless been positively senile before finally agreeing to pose for me thus. So, my little white lie achieved a hell of a lot, really – didn't it? Now come on, admit it.'

'Michael . . . tell me . . . how many shots are left?'

'Three, Cyn.'

'Mmmm. Well now – I fail to see why my descendants should have the sole good fortune of seeing their granny's posterity taken bum shots without allowing your granddaughters the same privilege where you're concerned – do you? So, what I suggest we do is . . .'

'Now . . . Cyn.'

'. . . I mean, pretty soon the sole remaining vestiges of that once finely chiselled upstanding torso are going to wither and atrophy the same as the rest of us so why don't you just clamber out of your flaired clobber and go and arrange yourself decorously upon that mohair rug over there and who knows . . . we might even see you in the centre pages of *Cosmopolitan* yet? With a tampon ad on one side and personal deodorant spray on the other.'

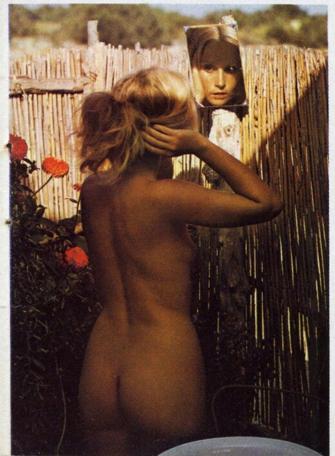
'But, Cyn, I . . . oh, shit.'

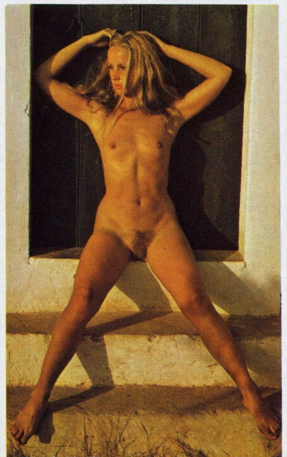
ANNIE

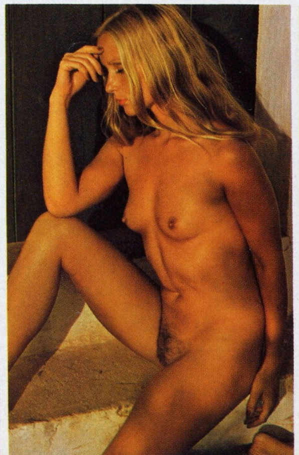
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY CUTHBERT

Anne-Marie Bartell, 18 years old, barely five feet high, smart, lively, practical and . . . 'Tomboyish!' She gives an evil pout, smirking at the camera lens across a sun-baked Spanish patio. 'I knew you'd say that. Every man I know does. You have no idea how fed up I am with being everyone's elder sister. I'm a woman. I really am!' Watching her, standing in an ancient doorway, hands on hips, legs wide apart and with only the heat of a midday sun to cloak her bronzed 34–22–34, it seems there can never have been any doubt. 'I grew up absolutely surrounded by brothers,' she explains. 'A family full of men, I had to do everything for them. Then when I moved away where did I find myself? A mixed flat with four men. And they are so polite to me!' Home is a rambling, converted farmhouse in Sussex. Home from home a similarly labyrinthine garret in Paris's *Quartier Latin*, where Anne-Marie is

currently sitting in on history of art lectures at the Sorbonne. 'I want to study textile design, but the college I wanted to go to at home couldn't take me till next year. So I came over here. I can just about manage the French and I love the city, but it's unbelievably expensive.' Our photographer spotted her hitch-hiking with a friend on the outskirts of Madrid. The offer of unexpected holiday spending – and a unique method of establishing very personal feminity – soon had Anne-Marie doffing blue denims, cheesecloth blouse and panties. No bra? 'Much too warm. I'm very firm, so I don't need it.' A crooked smile. 'You know, I told one of the boys I share with and he said, "What a good idea. I don't know why more girls don't. It's so practical." Not at all sexy!' How did Anne-Marie see herself? 'Wistful and romantic, like a Pre-Raphaelite heroine. I'd much rather be Anne-Marie than plain Annie. How can you be wildly exciting with a name like that?' Still nude, her look accosts us. No problem, Anne-Marie. Just look in the mirror.







MANDY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

If we're to believe the prophesies of the hit musical *Hair*, this is the dawn of the age of Aquarius, a time of happiness, success and prosperity. 21-year-old Mandy Kuypers was born under the sign of Aquarius and views the future with cheerful optimism. 'I'm certainly happy,' asserts our golden-haired, green-eyed centregirl, 'but I'd have a few doubts at present about being

successful and prosperous, although of course I'd like to be – who wouldn't? Still, I had a small part as a beauty queen in the film *Percy's Progress* which was a nice intro to the film world, so now it's up to me to capitalise on that and go after bigger and better things.' 5 feet 6 inch Mandy measures a bountiful 37–25–36 and was born just across the North Sea in Belgium. 'With a name like Kuypers, people are always asking if I'm connected with the firm that makes cherry brandy. I'm not, as a matter of fact, but it is a nice drink to have after a meal.' Mandy now lives just off Chelsea's King's Road and makes frequent forays to the trendier boutiques in search of clothes. 'I do dress to please men and very rarely wear undies. A bra and knickers make me feel terribly uncomfy and wearing midi- and maxi-skirts, it doesn't really matter if you're knickerless. Unless of course you get caught out by a gust of wind.' Mandy giggles. 'Many of my boyfriends have been foreign, I suppose my continental temperament attracts them to me, and sometimes

they're shocked when they find I'm not wearing knickers. It makes me laugh just to watch the expression on their faces. It varies from delighted astonishment to a quizzical puzzlement. Do *you* think I ought to wear knickers if I don't want to?' A look of innocent questioning, betrayed only by a twinkle in those emerald eyes. She bursts out laughing. 'That's my trouble, I can't keep a straight face. I love playing practical jokes on friends but I can never hold in the laughter long enough for the jokes to be really effective. A sense of humour is a real must for my boyfriends. And money. They don't have to be dripping with filthy lucre but a couple of bob does come in handy. It's a nice romantic notion that you can live on love alone, but love won't pay the bills. Does that sound terribly hard and materialistic or just realistic? I'd like to be airy and romantic, but there doesn't seem much place for that any more. It's sad in a way, I suppose, but maybe things will get better when the age of Aquarius finally does begin!'

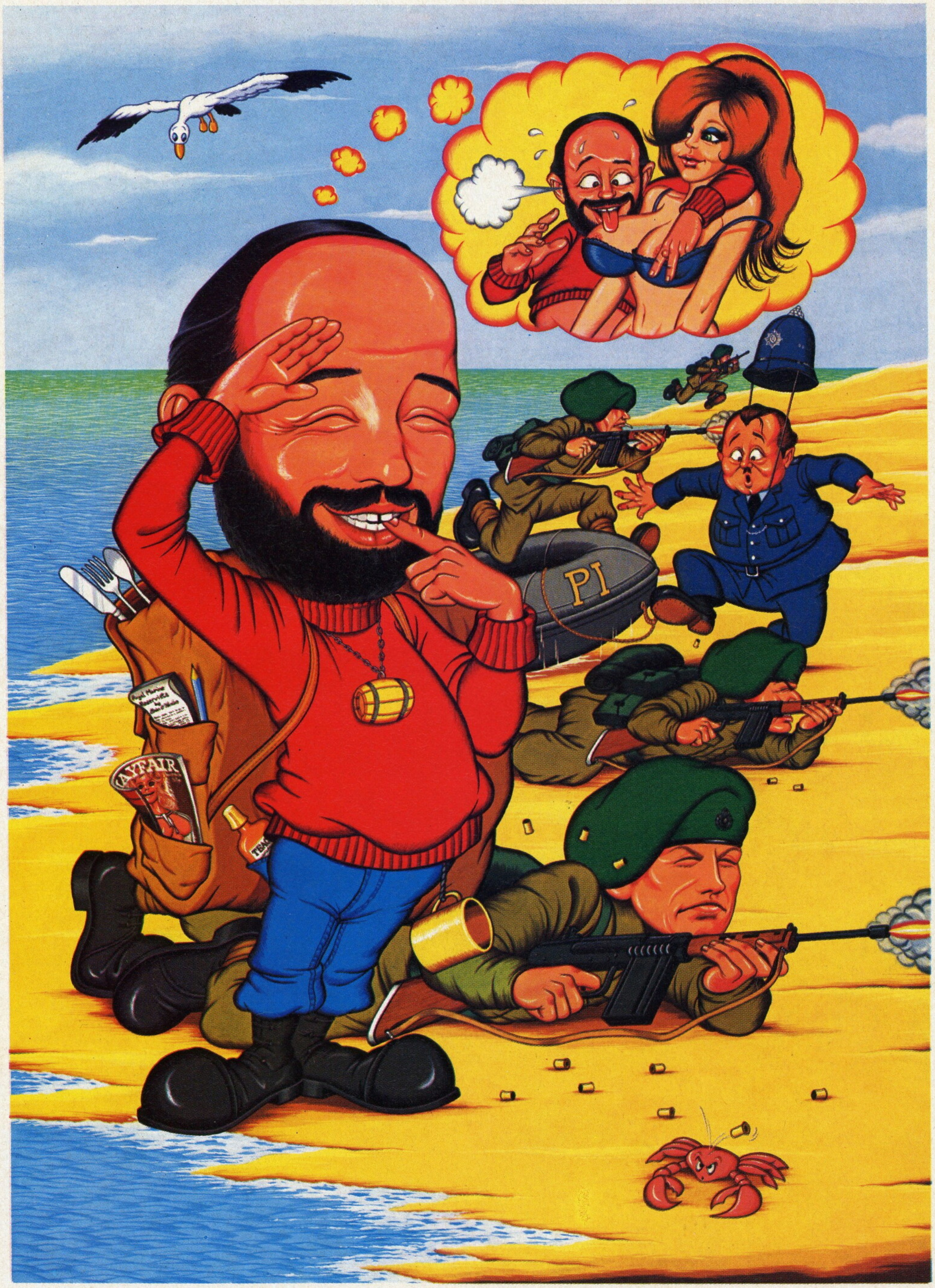
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/ MANDY KUYPERS

SUSAN

If you've ever conjured up an image of what a typical sleepy English country village should look like, the chances are good that Lavenham in Suffolk would come closer than most to meeting your ideals. Lavenham is situated midway between the Gog Magog hills to the north and Long Melford to the south and must be one of the few places in this country able to boast of having its own Preservation Society, a Society of whose principles 22-year-old Susan Garnham is a keen supporter. Sitting in the timbered surrounds of the medieval Swan Hotel, a Campari-and-soda in one hand, a king-size menthol cigarette in the other, she glances out at the busy High Street scene. 'The trouble with a place like Lavenham,' she ventures, 'is that it's almost too pretty for its own good. You should see the number of people that come round during the tourist season. They wander along Water Street and Shilling Street with their Instamatics clicking happily away:

I wonder how they would like it if all of *us* suddenly swooped down on *their* homes?' Susan chuckles merrily. 'Actually the thought of a charabanc full of Suffolk yeomen descending upon some quiet suburb in London is rather appealing. We must try it sometime. Fancy a bite of lunch?' Prawn cocktail, steak, salad and ice-cream are eaten with huge relish. 'I'm afraid I'm just a bit too fond of my food sometimes,' admits Susan. 'My weight can go up and down like a yo-yo, but at the moment I'm 36–24–36, which isn't too bad for someone of 5 feet 4 inches, is it? When I was in my teens, I used to be a little round podge. Then I discovered boys.' She laughs, tossing back blonde hair. 'I sound like that drink advert! Actually, it was quite dramatic. There was I, chubby Sue, with a massive crush on this absolutely smashing chap in his mid-twenties. I dieted for weeks to look slim and sexy and then he ups and offs with this *vast* girl. I was upset for all of five minutes because his best friend, who I hadn't even noticed before, asked me out. Lucky little me, and lucky him too!'

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE KINGSTON


PI
Royal Marine Reservists by
AYFAIR
TEA

ONCE MORE UNTO THE BEACH

ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb : No.11

A sweet midnight and here I am,
wet through from rain, stripping
myself from my husband's clasp.
And is that why we lie about here
gossiping, not even driving ourselves
to the sleep due to lovers.

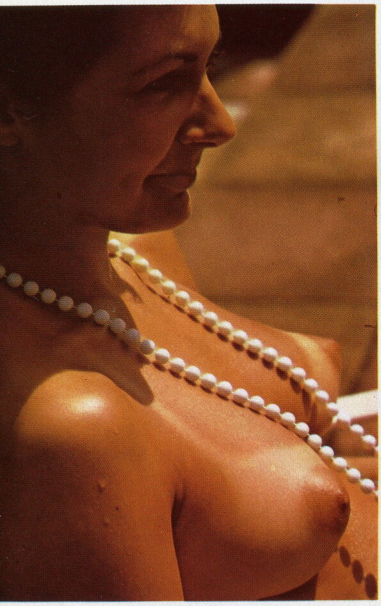
original by Philodemus
(A native of Gadara, he lived
in the first century BC and taught
Virgil and Horace. His 29
surviving epigrams are
among the most original
of his period.)

JANE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

There's a Richmond in Yorkshire, a Richmond in Virginia, USA and also one nestling on the banks of the River Thames in Surrey. The last-named the home of 18-year-old Jane Thomas, a 5 feet 6 inch brunette with a 37–24–36 figure kept smooth and sleek by swimming – one of Jane's favourite forms of relaxation. 'You can keep waterbeds,' advises Jane, 'because nothing beats just floating on your back in a pool with the water gently lapping over you. Trouble is you tend to doze off and wake up with a mouthful of water. I've heard that the Dead Sea is so salty and buoyant that it's virtually impossible to go under. If that's really the case you can book me on the

first plane out. It must be absolutely blissful.' Jane breaks off as the roar of a passing Heathrow-bound jet makes conversation impossible. 'That's the one trouble with living here,' she continues when the rumble has subsided, 'we're right on the main flightpath to the airport and it's absolute murder sometimes, especially in the summer with all the tourist traffic coming in. I like spending days in Richmond Park during the summer months and it gets my goat when some horrible great jumbo jet lumbers overhead and wakes me from my sound and honest slumber! It's a pretty good place for a quiet snooze is Richmond Park actually. It's so big that even when it's packed out you can still find somewhere shady and secluded. I'll tell you something funny which happened not so long ago in the



Park. It was a very hot day and as it was midweek the Park was fairly empty. I was feeling a bit daring so I thought I'd do a spot of topless sunbathing, give my boobs a chance to breathe you might say. Anyway, I was lying there with my nipples winking at the sun when I heard this rustle in the undergrowth. Being me, I immediately got into a tizzy and tangled up the arms of my shirt as I tried to dress. So there I was with my skirt around my bum, my legs splayed out and arms behind my back. Then this head poked through the bushes and all it was was a rather nice old deer. Not a little old lady, but the animal sort. We gazed at each other then he snorted and ambled off. I think he approved of me though. It was a toss up-whether my nipples or his horns were the more up-turned!' Jane blushes slightly. 'Actually I think he may have been just the tiniest bit jealous, because my nipples do turn up rather a lot. Maybe they like looking at the sky rather than straight ahead.' Another jet bellows over. 'Look at the plane then,' says Jane to her nipples as they peer cheerfully upwards into the blue yonder.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Seven

Some women seem deliberately to flaunt even today's permissive fashions, going obviously bra-less or wearing ultra-short minis. Most men tend to regard this as expressing an undisguised need for sex. The three girls we interviewed suggested a deeper need, often only dimly realised – for a genuine appreciation of their femininity. Once achieved, their provocative attitudes ended and a more conventional sexuality surfaced.

INTRODUCTION

Last month we examined a blatant form of female exhibitionism, in which girls admitted to having had sex in company. This month we look at a more commonplace variety, where a girl dresses – or undresses – in a way to provoke a sexual reaction. Clearly the impulses that make a girl adopt miniscule panties under a short skirt or allow herself to be seen naked as though by accident, are complex. Yet all have one factor in common – a need to express personal femininity and to come to terms with their own sexual nature.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Secretary, 23 years old, dark haired, town of origin Cambridge**

This interviewee, an intelligent and sensual girl, had left school at 16 to work as a shop assistant, then graduated to clerical and secretarial work at a high level. She now managed the typing pool of a large finance company. She lived alone.

Quest: Did you mean it when you said you dressed tartily in your first secretarial job?

Secretary: Tarty's a bit harsh. Provocative is a better word. I had a few mini-skirts, when mini-skirts were really past. And tight sweaters. I love soft wool on my skin.

Quest: What about a bra?

Secretary: Oh always a bra, I couldn't just flop about. My bust measurement sounds ridiculous but I've got tiny shoulder blades. Proportionally I don't think I'm badly off – so I've been told! Anyway a bra does so much for you.

Quest: You dressed to emphasise your sexuality?

Secretary: I think every woman does. It doesn't mean you're mad keen to seduce every man you meet. It just makes you feel nice. Womanly.

Quest: I'd agree you're dressed to be womanly, now. But surely there's a difference between that and provocative dress?

Secretary: I was going through a very odd stage.

Quest: How odd?

Secretary: Incredibly odd! No, I'd just left my fiancé, who was my first really serious boyfriend, and I'd moved away from home and it was a new job. All new things all at once. I honestly thought I was going to be a completely new person. But naturally it's not as easy as that.

Quest: What went wrong between you?

Secretary: He was quite a bit older than me but not terribly experienced. I don't mean in a crude way. He hadn't really had much to do with girls before me, which made him terribly possessive. He wanted to tell me what clothes I should wear, what make-up. I did some extraordinary things for him. If a man tried to do that now I'd tell him to take a running jump.

Quest: So you decided to express yourself sexually in your new job?

Secretary: His parting shot was to accuse me of being a whore because I talked to another man at a party. It was so insane. But I thought, 'Well, if I am so whorish why not lie back and enjoy it?' Emotionally I was just a big mess. So in the first month or so after I started the new job I practically bought a new wardrobe and turned up all my old skirts.

Quest: What was the most outrageous thing you wore?

Secretary: I bought some very flimsy knickers – God, I am sounding like a whore, aren't I?

Quest: Go on.

Secretary: The girl in the shop gave me such funny looks! They were very soft black lace – absolute heaven to wear. But they really weren't much more than those things strippers wear. It covered all the important bits in front but there were just thin strips to the piece at the back. My bum was practically bare.

Quest: What did you wear over them?

Secretary: A tiny little mini. I must admit I was a bit worried about that. I felt as if I wasn't wearing anything. But – it was funny, Ian, my fiancé, pushed me into leaving them on. It was a Monday morning and I had a letter from him – the first in ages. And it was so pathetic and bitter, it really annoyed me. I knew that whatever I did I had to get as far away from him as possible. So I went straight off to work.

Quest: What effect did you expect?

Secretary: I don't really know. I'm not trying to sound silly. There were quite a few fanciable men, but I didn't really want anything serious to happen. I wasn't consciously looking for a lover.

Quest: But you found one?

Secretary: Tim found me.

Quest: Tell me about him.

Secretary: Every office has one. A sort of permanent bachelor – I don't mean queer. The office wolf. All the women tell you to watch out for him, go out with him at your peril. Things like that. Half of it's jealousy. He was ours.

Quest: But something happened?

Secretary: It was those knickers. I'm sure of it. In fact I know. I was working for Ronny who shared an office with Tim, and I had to go in for dictation first thing. Tim was very cheery – I think he'd had a successful weekend – but Ronny was in a screaming hurry. We went through half a dozen letters in as many minutes and then he asked me to get a file for him out of the cabinet which was in the corner. I'm sure it was completely unintentional – you'd have to dance naked in front of Ronny before he noticed you had a new hair style – but he couldn't remember which compartment it was. First it was halfway down, then two from the bottom, then right at the bottom. I just wasn't aware of anything until I felt a chill in the air like a cold front. And I suddenly realised. My skirt was halfway up my backside. I spun round and both of them were staring at me open-mouthed. Thinking back, they looked so funny but I was mortally embarrassed. I went absolutely scarlet. Then Tim gave this long whistle and got up and went out. I felt terrible.

Quest: You weren't pleased that you had obviously excited them?

Secretary: I hadn't meant to be obvious, really I hadn't. Admired, yes, but it must have looked like a king-size come-on.

Quest: Which Tim took up?

Secretary: I didn't see him again till the afternoon, when I'd almost forgotten it. Ronny and I were so busy afterwards that seemed to gloss it over. Then I had to go to the filing library which is down in the basement. All the girls were always saying, 'Never let Tim get you down there.' It was the oldest joke in the building. It's so quiet and out of the way. You could scream the place down and no one would hear. And of course, who should I see? He gave me such a shock. I was poring through an old catalogue at one end, leaning over I suppose, when he suddenly whispered in my ear. I think I grew my first grey hair.

Quest: What did he say?

Secretary: Something silly, I don't remember. 'Sex pants,' I think. The whole of the morning came back and I was totally flummoxed. I really didn't want to be there. But he didn't seem to take any notice. He just kept smiling and chatting.

Quest: What did you say?

Secretary: I just tried to be friendly. I didn't want to be rude for no reason. He was being quite sexy, but no more than usual. But I suppose he took that as another come-on.

Quest: What did he do?

Secretary: He touched me. It was such a surprise I didn't stop him.

Quest: He put his arm round you?

Secretary: Nothing so normal. I half expected that in a way, it's easy enough to get out of a clinch if you want to.

Quest: Can you say where he touched you?

Secretary: Actually it was under my skirt.

Quest: He put his hand under your skirt?

Secretary: I was sort of leaning back against the catalogue table and he was standing right in front of me. Suddenly he brought his hand up, under the front of my skirt and pressed it against the front of my pants. I couldn't believe it.

Quest: What did you feel?

Secretary: Absolute shock. I didn't feel anything physically. It was just the incredible outrageousness of it. At the idea, I suppose, that he thought he had the right to do that. And he just stared into my face. I gave him such a slap. The building must have shook. I stormed out.

Quest: How did he act after that?

Secretary: He rang me up, on the office intercom the next day. I'd been so angry I was going to cut him dead. But I couldn't get the thought of what he'd done out of my head. I couldn't understand why he'd thought he could get away with it. He must at least have fancied me in some way. I mean, you don't grab someone there just to be affectionate. You must at least expect to, you know, screw.

Quest: How was he?

Secretary: Quiet as a mouse, absolutely penitent, charming. He really gave me the feeling he'd been unable to control himself, he said it had never happened before.

Quest: You believed him?

Secretary: I honestly don't think he had done that before. Obviously he'd been a bit cheeky with girls, but you can't go around being that obvious, can you? He offered to take me out to dinner to make amends. So I said yes.

Quest: You weren't worried about the same thing happening again?

Secretary: Well, you can't grab people's privates in a crowded restaurant. Anyway I really didn't think he'd dare again.

Quest: What did you wear for the date?

Secretary: I had quite a sexy dress, I must admit. I didn't buy it specially. It was very light and ankle-length from the waist, but the top part was like two halter neck straps with a brooch at my cleavage. It looked terribly daring but in fact there was a kind of bra support inside keeping everything in place. His eyes popped when he saw it.

Quest: You expected him to make a pass at you?

Secretary: You expect something, don't you? Even if you don't particularly want to take it up.

Quest: Did you take it up?

Secretary: He was so nice over dinner. I mean, a rotter. Unashamedly selfish, but it was the way he did things, half joking. I could see why he never settled down enough to get married.

Quest: What happened after dinner?

Secretary: He wanted me to have coffee at his place but the last place I wanted to be was his home ground. So we went back to my flat.

Quest: He didn't try to make a pass?

Secretary: He started talking about the way I dressed, over dinner. He didn't really mention what he'd done. He just said I was the sexiest girl he'd ever seen at the office, one of the sexiest girls he'd ever met. I thought that was a nice thing to say, even if he didn't mean it.

Quest: What happened at your flat?

Secretary: He was affectionate, but not grabbing. I was quite grateful for that. In fact for a while I thought he was going to leave it at that.

Quest: So you did want sex from him?

Secretary: I thought it would be nice if he tried. I wasn't going to leap all over him.

Quest: Go on.

Secretary: We sat down on the sofa with our coffees and chatted for ages. Then he put his arm round me and I leaned into it. It was all very cosy, not particularly sexy, and then we kissed. That was so nice.

Quest: How nice?

Secretary: Just warm and generous, at first. He wasn't rough, just insistent. He prised my teeth apart with his tongue and sort of worked it inside. He was very good actually. No one had done that to me for ages. Then he began to bite at the edges of my lips. It sounds silly, but I thought it was gorgeous. Then we tumbled over.

Quest: You were still on the sofa?

Secretary: Mm. That was when I felt him, because he was leaning half across me.

Quest: You felt his penis?

Secretary: It was so hard. My gown was very thin and I only had very skimpy knickers on underneath. It was as if it was lying on my bare thigh.

Quest: You didn't try to stop him?

Secretary: I thought it was comforting, reassuring. My eyes were closed but I was sure I was in control. Then he touched me again, on my breast. He did it so surely and easily, cupping it in his hand and rubbing my nipple with his thumb. That was so brazen and so marvellous. I felt that sort of bottom of the belly shiver, when something really gets to you. When your body wakes up, do you know what I mean? I hadn't been made to feel like that for so long. I said, 'You can't do that,' but very quietly. He said, 'You're absolutely right,' and undid my brooch. I couldn't get my breath. It was so quick and the sides of my gown just fell down off my shoulders. I said something absolutely ridiculous, like 'Good God, I'm naked . . .' My head was spinning. He dropped his head onto my neck and began kissing and biting my ear and his hands just smothered my breasts, rubbing and squeezing the nipples. I tried to put up my hands, to hold him or stop him or anything. He was panting like a bull on heat. I kept thinking, 'God, what about precautions?' because I wasn't on the Pill then. Then he put his tongue on my nipples – I thought they'd burst, I felt so hot and wet, I just didn't care.

Quest: And you made love?

Secretary: Not straight off. He suddenly pulled me over onto my stomach and he was kissing and fondling my back, and my legs were sticking out over the edge of the sofa. And I was moaning and I couldn't understand what was happening. He kept saying, 'Jesus, you're so sexy. Christ, I've wanted you for so long.' I tried to reach round and touch him but he pulled away and began pawing at my gown and I realised he was trying to pull the bottom half off me. So I lifted my knees and his hands came round, squeezing under me to touch my breasts and my nipples. Then I was just kneeling there with my black knickers sticking up in the air, and Tim gasped and swore and I tried to twist round but he pushed me back, and slowly, ever so slowly began to pull down my pants. And I knew he was going to touch me there, and I nearly went over the edge waiting for it. My heart was bursting. Then his hands slid up the inside of my thighs and I was shivering with the feeling of it. It was so utterly superb. And as his hands came up he pushed my legs apart, then his thumbs reached the top and both of them came right into me. I really thought I'd die. No one had ever done that to me before. The whole world just flipped over. Then he was gone and I moaned like a mad thing and I heard his zip go and his trousers rustle and I waggled my backside at him and really begged for it. I honestly didn't care any more. And that's when it happened. It's funny. I'd never done it that way before. He was so big and rubbed right up against the front of my thing, you know. It does that way. And suddenly he was in me. I came and came – it was so incredible, like being totally abused and loved all at the same time. He went on and on – I don't know how he managed. I was completely exhausted. I just flopped on the sofa. I think I must have slipped right away.

Quest: What happened afterwards?

Secretary: I felt so nice about him – even though he'd probably do the same to dozens of other girls, given half a chance. But I couldn't understand what made him think he could get away with it. He said, 'You asked for it.'

Quest: Because of the way you dressed?

Secretary: He said he'd nearly raped me in his office when I bent over. He had to go out because he had an enormous erection and go into the loo. I was amazed. I mean, any of the men could have had feelings like that.

Quest: And that never occurred to you?

Secretary: No. I know you don't believe me. But it's true.

Quest: Did the relationship progress?

Secretary: I could have fallen in love with Tim. I liked him a lot. I still do. He made me so much surer of myself. I didn't have to be that obvious. I still see him sometimes. We're very good friends, genuinely.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Waitress, 20 years old, blonde, town of origin Liverpool**

This interviewee had attended a catering college in the South West and subsequently worked in several hotels along the south coast, invariably on a temporary basis. She now served in a small, fashionable restaurant run by friends, being tacitly groomed for managership when the business expanded. She shared a large flat with two other girls and two men.

Quest: You exposed yourself to Terry?

Waitress: You make me sound like a mad female flasher.

Quest: But you did allow yourself to be seen naked by him, when it couldn't have been just accidental?

Waitress: After the party, I suppose I did.

Quest: So that he would have sex with you?

Waitress: It wasn't deliberate like that.

Quest: How was it?

Waitress: I knew Terry. I mean, I'd been with him before, even though we weren't together then. It wasn't as if it was a complete stranger.

Quest: You'd slept with him?

Waitress: Yes I had.

Quest: But you wouldn't have stripped off in front of anyone else?

Waitress: Well, obviously not. You can be too obvious, can't you? Anyway, I'm shy about my body.

Quest: Why are you shy?

Waitress: I'm not exactly Raquel Welch, am I? Somehow I never seem to have got rid of all my puppy fat. I've a terrible spare tyre. My boobs are alright. I've got elephant thighs.

Quest: I'd have said 'ample' is a better word. Not all men like slim girls.

Waitress: You must have been speaking to Terry. That's exactly what he said. 'My ample Amanda.' I only wish he'd meant it.

Quest: When did he tell you that?

Waitress: All the time, when we were together. First when I'd been out with him about three times. Our third date in fact.

Quest: How did he come to ask you out?

Waitress: He was a work mate of Daniel, I think. That was a student who came and stayed while one of the boys had to work away for a while. Terry came to one of our parties. We have them about every third month. We got talking about the theatre – I love it – and he asked me to see a play with him.

Quest: You got on well together?

Waitress: I thought he was super. Stocky and muscular. Like and like, I suppose! He had a little beard. I think they're great. He was good fun, too.

Quest: When did you sleep with him?

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QUEST

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Waitress: It was a battle, actually. With myself, and him too. I can't just do it, have sex, even if I'm screaming for it. My upbringing was quite strict and you can't just forget it, no matter what you think. I needed to feel fairly safe with Terry. I didn't want him to pledge eternal love, but just to say he cared, even if he didn't mean it madly.

Quest: How affectionate was he?

Waitress: The usual things. He put his hand on my breast while we were kissing. I told him to be careful then, but when he did it the next time I didn't say anything until he tried to touch me, you know, under my skirt. Honestly, it's like a military campaign. People should just get on with it.

Quest: So you led up to sex?

Waitress: I knew the third date something would happen, or that would be it. I had that feeling. I was a bit on edge. I was so relieved when it did happen.

Quest: Where was this?

Waitress: At his flat. We'd been to the pictures, actually, because we couldn't get tickets for the play we wanted. It was on the carpet.

Quest: You made love on the carpet?

Waitress: Terry only has this one beaten up old armchair. His flat is only really a bedsit with a kitchenette attached. We sort of started on that and eased onto the floor. The carpet was much more comfortable.

Quest: Can you describe exactly what happened? Did you kiss on the armchair?

Waitress: God, you'd have to be a contortionist to do that. No, we were looking through a magazine, I think, or listening to some records. We were leaning against the front of the armchair and I just sort of snuggled up against him. We were like that, talking, for a long while.

Quest: Then he kissed you?

Waitress: It just happened, like it does. We rolled onto one side, onto the carpet and cuddled each other. He didn't really try and touch me particularly. Just held me. We were very giggly.

Quest: Why were you giggly?

Waitress: Because of his thing, you know. I felt this pressure in my stomach and I said, 'What's that?' before I realised. And he looked down and said, 'Good God, now look what you've done!' It was so obvious too.

Quest: What did you do next?

Waitress: We didn't mention it any more and we kissed, though I could still feel it. And that's when it started. He started to fondle my breast, very gently. I'm terrible like that, because I honestly do need sex and once I start to get excited I find it awfully hard to stop. I suppose I started to breathe quite heavily, and Terry was lying practically on top of me now. Both his hands were on my boobs, sort of rotating them. That is so exciting. I'm sure that could be enough for me if it went on and on. My heart was beginning to thump. And he sort of twisted on me and his trouser button thing went pop and he said, 'Shall we let our good friend out?' Which sounded stupid to me because he was joking still – in case I said no, I suppose – but I wanted him to go on. And I reached down my hands. I didn't really want to grab, just to be there when it found me. And then I did, and it was poking out the top of his pants and so huge and gorgeous I thought I'd faint. And I opened my legs and helped him pull down my knicks and he was in me. My skirt was all rucked up round my waist and he had to shuffle out of his trousers to come right in. But he was so gorgeous and sweet, I just wanted to hold him in there and feel him there for ever.

Quest: You didn't climax?

Waitress: Not in any sort of incredible, mind-blowing way. Gently a bit, sort of sleepily. I like it like that, not all the time of course. I thought he was going to come quite quickly. He did actually but he went on and on. I never thought anyone could do so much.

Quest: And you became lovers?

Waitress: I think we were quite fond of each other. I was very fond of him. I used to stay at his place most weekends and perhaps once or twice in the week.

Quest: How long before he left you?

Waitress: Four or five weeks. It seems much longer. And I was the silly fool who introduced him to Jaqueline.

Quest: Jaqueline was your flat mate?

Waitress: Jaqueline is a sexpot. I mean nice enough to just witter to, if you've got nothing better to do. But she's totally obsessed with looking right, being at the right places with the right people. I really can't see any point in people like that. No, that's unfair, she's not a nasty person. All the fellows who came round went ga-ga about her but no one ever took her out for very long.

Quest: She was very attractive?

Waitress: Oh to look at, absolutely stunning. There'd always be someone after her, which was why I was glad she was on holiday when I met Terry.

Quest: But he was taken with her?

Waitress: It wasn't just her fault. Terry started to get a bit stand-offish. I don't know, it might have been going sour even before he met her. Then a friend of mine said she'd seen him and Jaqueline in a pub at lunchtime. And Jackie was away for a couple of nights without saying where. That was when Terry told me it was all over. I was quite upset for awhile, actually, more than I told anyone. Jackie even offered to move out but – I don't know, I was feeling bitchy – I said I'd go as soon as I found somewhere. I couldn't stay under the same roof. I felt how silly that was when I said it. A fortnight after that we had the party.

Quest: You hadn't moved?

Waitress: I hadn't really tried, to be honest. There was a bit of an atmosphere, but the boys helped. That's why I like mixed flats. In an all-female atmosphere emotions build up somehow. The boys just bluster on no matter what traumas you happen to be having. And then Terry turned up at the party.

Quest: You hadn't expected that?

Waitress: Well, Jaqueline had mentioned that she was going out somewhere. I think there must have been some kind of row. I never did find out exactly. But I know Jackie's tastes are very expensive. And at about midnight they both suddenly arrived.

Quest: Did you talk to each other?

Waitress: I wasn't going to, but it just happened. At least he wasn't with Jackie then, though it was a bit awkward. He just asked me how I was and then he said he might be staying the night because he had some trouble with his flat. He said that quickly, I suppose because he thought I'd think he'd be sleeping with Jaqueline. Which I thought anyway, of course. But at least he wasn't trying to rub my nose in it. Then he went off and I didn't see him again until the party was over.

Quest: Did you enjoy the party?

Waitress: I was sozzled, to be honest. I'm not a drinker normally and I had an awful lot of wine, which does terrible things to me. Probably subconsciously it was deliberate. I really didn't want Terry to stay there but I really did as well.

Quest: What did happen?

Waitress: Everyone who was going sloped off at about half three. We cleared up most of the living-room because people were in sleeping bags on the floor and I was in the kitchen washing out glasses when I suddenly realised I was the only one still up. So I thought, 'Well this can all happen just as easily in the morning,' and I turned out the light and wandered up the hall to my room. And there was Terry, looking very bleary-eyed, about to go into Michael's room – Michael was visiting his parents then. He saw me and whispered, 'It's alright, Jaqueline said I could use the bed.' So I said, 'Aren't you keeping her company?' and he made a sour face and went inside. I had no idea what that meant. I went into my room and started to get undressed. It was odd, seeing Terry last thing like that started everything up again. I remember standing by my bed with just my knicks on, remembering how we'd squeezed into his and I felt my spare tyre and thought how Jackie would never have that problem. But then I thought Terry had been happy with me before, and that was when he called.

Quest: Terry called to you?

Waitress: A loud whisper, really. I pulled open the door and heard him say, 'How do you turn the lights off in this place?' So I hissed back that I'd show him. And that was when I decided to be naughty.

Quest: Just how naughty?

Waitress: I slipped off my knicks and pulled my dressing gown round me. It's quite long, it covers everything, but I knew I had nothing underneath. Terry was standing by the door. I showed him how he had to turn the light off there before getting into bed. Then I went on to the bathroom which is more or less next door.

Quest: Was Terry dressed?

Waitress: Oh, yes. He left the bedroom ajar and I could hear him getting undressed inside, while I washed my teeth. It was such a strange situation. We'd been like this together late at night such a short time before. It was as if nothing had really gone wrong? If I just pretended – I suppose that's what made me do it.

Quest: What did you do?

Waitress: I just opened my dressing gown and it fell off my shoulders. It felt so odd. Standing there with the door open. I knew everyone else was asleep, but it made me feel incredibly naked.

Quest: Excited?

Waitress: I'd have died if any of the boys had come out suddenly, but it was exciting, yes. A kind of sexual daring.

Quest: Go on.

Waitress: I turned out the bathroom light and walked to Terry's door. It was all quiet inside, so I called in a whisper, 'Are you OK now, Terry? Shall I turn your light out for you, save you getting up?' He sounded quite surprised. He said, 'That's very kind, thanks love,' and I pushed my hand through and switched off the light.

Quest: Do you mean you opened the door?

Waitress: The door opened as I leaned through. The door wasn't open when the light was on.

Quest: So he didn't see that you were naked?

Waitress: There was only the light from behind in the hall. I don't know.

Quest: What happened then?

Waitress: I just stood there for a minute. Then I saw him tucked up in Michael's little bed against the wall. So I said, 'Do you mind if I just collect something in here?' And he mumbled something, his back was to me I realised then. My heart was bumping like mad. I padded across to the window. It was quite light from the streetlamps, the curtains weren't closed. I felt so warm and cosy, as if I was clothed in air, and so naked. I mean, sexually naked, naked for a reason. Then I heard him suck in his breath, and I turned round and he was sitting up in bed, staring at me. He said, 'What on earth are you doing?' But not annoyed at all. And I just moved toward him. His skin looked so ghostly and beautiful in the dark. I wanted him so much it wasn't fair. I stopped with my nipple just by his head and it ached to bursting. I really burned for it. And he climbed onto his knees and the bedclothes fell away and he had the most beautiful, gorgeous erection. I just gasped and I didn't want to be statuesque and naked and beautiful with him crying out for me, I wanted just to curl up in his arms and feel him hold me and come deep inside me and fill me and be happy. I just tumbled onto him as he grabbed me and we rolled onto the bed and I had to have him straight away. I wrapped my legs round him and he came in so cleanly and massively I thought I'd scream. It was utterly beautiful. I really wanted to just hold and love him, but he moved faster and faster and faster and I couldn't understand how he didn't come and then I knew I was coming and my stomach squeezed tight and my heart went mad and I had to finish it – I was absolutely mad – and I came. It was an incredible, mind-blowing orgasm. I cried afterwards.

Quest: You don't climax often?

Waitress: Not terribly often, no. Even with someone I like a lot.

Quest: Do you still see Terry?

Waitress: I went with him a couple of times after that, but it wasn't the same. Personality differences, really. I might see him again. I don't know.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Temporary secretary, 22 years old, brunette, town of origin Sheffield**

This interviewee was the only child of elderly parents. She had left school at sixteen to work as a telephonist but had later moved on to clerical and secretarial jobs. She shared a flat with two other girls.

Quest: Do you regard yourself as inhibited?

Temp: Not in the least. It's my Scorpio nature.

Quest: What does that make you?

Temp: Outspoken, passionate. I'll tell anyone what I think of them.

Quest: But you like showing off your body?

Temp: I don't think I've got anything to complain about. If people want to look that's their problem, as long as they don't bother me. I didn't use to care at all.

Quest: You didn't care about men seeing your body? Do you mean the clothes you wore, or not wearing any at all?

Temp: One's part of the other, isn't it? It's what you don't see, or what they think they're going to see. I used to be terrible like, a right little – prick teaser's the only word. I'm sure it was living at home. My parents were such strong chapel. They told me absolutely nothing.

Quest: What happened at home?

Temp: I used to show off to this neighbour. He lived a couple of doors down. I thought he was so dishy. It was so stupid.

Quest: How did you show off?

Temp: He used to come past my window when I was dressing in the mornings. We lived at the end of the road, you see, opposite a recreation ground, so no one could see in. I had the bedroom at the front with the bay. I was standing by the dressing table, putting my bra on one morning and I looked round and there he was. Walking by but looking straight up at me.

Quest: How old were you then?

Temp: It was the year I left school. I was still going then.

Quest: Did you like him looking?

Temp: He couldn't see anything, just my back. I went cold all over. I was blazing angry at first, especially when I saw him looking up again the next day. He wasn't repulsive or anything, but he was a lot older than me, about thirty, perhaps more.

Quest: So you were excited by him staring at you?

Temp: It was funny. I'd seen this film the week before. The one with Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger. I can never remember titles. It's in this southern town at night and a policeman sees this girl through a kitchen window. And she's nude and he can't help staring. Because obviously she knows when he's going to come by, so she just wanders down accidentally on purpose. Just to get him worked up.

Quest: And you wanted to do that?

Temp: It seemed such an incredible thing to do, to have someone just panting for you but not able to do anything about it. I told you I was a tease.

Quest: What did you do?

Temp: I used to wait for him to come along. Not obviously, just a glance now and then, because he was very punctual. Then I used to get up and slip my bra on very quickly, so he'd get just a glimpse.

Quest: What did he do?

Temp: The first time he nearly fell over. It was like something out of a silent film. I had to turn away for laughing. The next time he pretended to be doing up his shoelace, though without looking at it at all of course.

Quest: What were you doing?

Temp: I pretended I'd dropped my bra over the back of the dressing table. I was sort of poking around behind it up against the window.

Quest: You were stark naked in a front window of your house?

Temp: You don't believe me, do you? Haven't you met a wicked girl before?

Quest: How long were you in the window?

Temp: Couple of minutes. Then my mother came in and nearly had kittens. Luckily when she looked out the window the fellow had gone.

Quest: Did you see him again?

Temp: Yes, I did. A couple of days later I must have stayed late at school for some reason because I came back on the same bus as him. I sat down opposite him. Not deliberately. I didn't even realise who it was until he started grinning at me like an idiot. I went absolutely purple.

Quest: You were embarrassed seeing him?

Temp: He just caught me unawares. And the bus was really crowded. It must have been so obvious the way he was staring at me. I remember thinking, 'Oh Christ, what have I done now?' And of course I had on this vile green uniform, so I was hardly a vision of naked delight. I felt awful. I couldn't get off because my bus only went every hour and I lived right at the end of the route.

Quest: What happened?

Temp: Eventually the people on either side of us got off. I thought he was going to get up and sit beside me, but he just kept looking. Then the conductor went upstairs and he let his overcoat fall open.

Quest: Your neighbour?

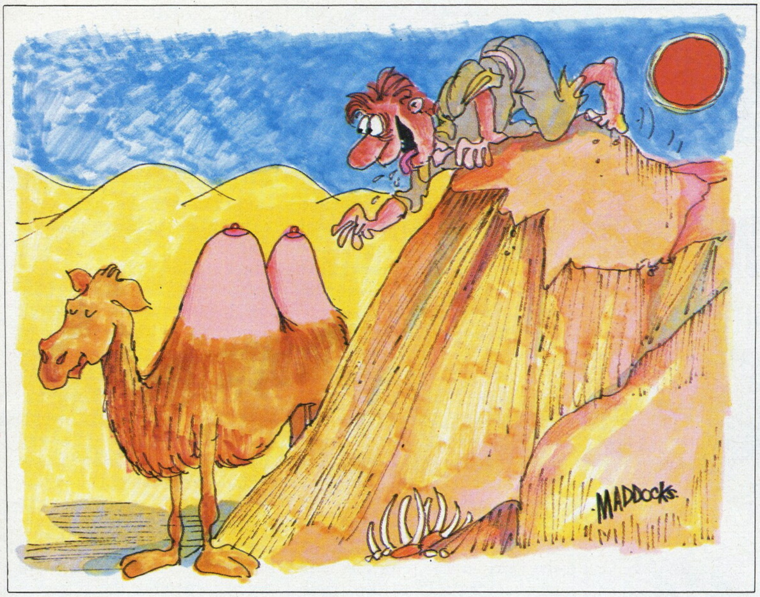
Temp: He was wearing this old dark coat with a suit underneath. I didn't know what he meant at first. He kept glancing down.

Barbara & Friend

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

A deep-carpeted flat, high over London's Holland Park, trees outside bowing in an English spring breeze, and answering the door: 23-year-old Barbara Kingsland, a favourite *Mayfair* centregirl of 1973, dressed skimpily in white bra and panties. 'I thought I'd be ready for you,' she greets our photographer, moving back into the living room with the effortless sensuality that so excited our readers. 'And this is Bo.' 'Any room for me?' jokes the lank Swede, rising from the sofa. 'Bo lives in London and we are old old friends. I always stay with him,' explains Barbara, and catches a look. 'No, we are not lovers or we

could not be such good friends.' 'I'll go,' says Bo. *Why?* asks our photographer. *If Barbara doesn't mind, only a man can bring out a woman's true sensuality.* Barbara claps hands in delight. 'What a fantastic idea!' Bo is reluctant. 'I don't see myself as a *Cosmopolitan* centre.' *The emphasis,* assures our photographer, *is strictly on Barbara.* Bo looks askance. 'Come on,' says Barbara, unbuttoning his shirt. 'He's only camera shy. He's seen me in the nude before, haven't you darling?' Cajoling him, Barbara peels bra and panties off her sleek and tanned 35–24–35. 'My bust is an inch bigger than when I was last in your magazine, isn't it terrible?' she grins. Bo pulls uneasily at his Y-fronts. 'Don't be silly!' Barbara strides across, breasts bouncing, and tugs down his pants. 'There, isn't he beautiful?' Nudely they sprawl on Bo's white-sheeted bed. 'Mmmm,' Barbara purrs, nestling against Bo's warm chest. The camera clicks. 'You're right. A man makes you feel so sexy.' She giggles as Bo leans over her. 'Perhaps we should have been lovers. Shall we ask the photographer to go away?' Bo just grins.



the station.

'All right, if that's how you want it.'

'Will you remember?' I asked, again.

'How can I forget,' she sighed.

'You're a faithless wife,' I said, smiling in the darkness.

'Yes.'

'Any regrets?'

'No.'

'How will *you* get home?'

'There's a bus,' she said. 'I told you. The evening one.'

How long ago it seemed, since that morning.

'Won't your Nigel be worried about you?'

'He knows I came to see Erica. He won't be expecting me until the bus arrives. He'll come to meet me, at a cross-roads.'

'And tonight, in bed, he'll make love to you.'

'Yes.'

'And what will you be thinking of, then, at that time, as you feel him on top of you?'

A little fine rain, or sea-spray, in the air. I held out my hand, but she shook her head, slowly, and with another smile I left her. I knew she was watching me cross the wet chilly asphalt, up to the road, and then the wall would have hidden me from sight.

I suddenly felt terribly cold.

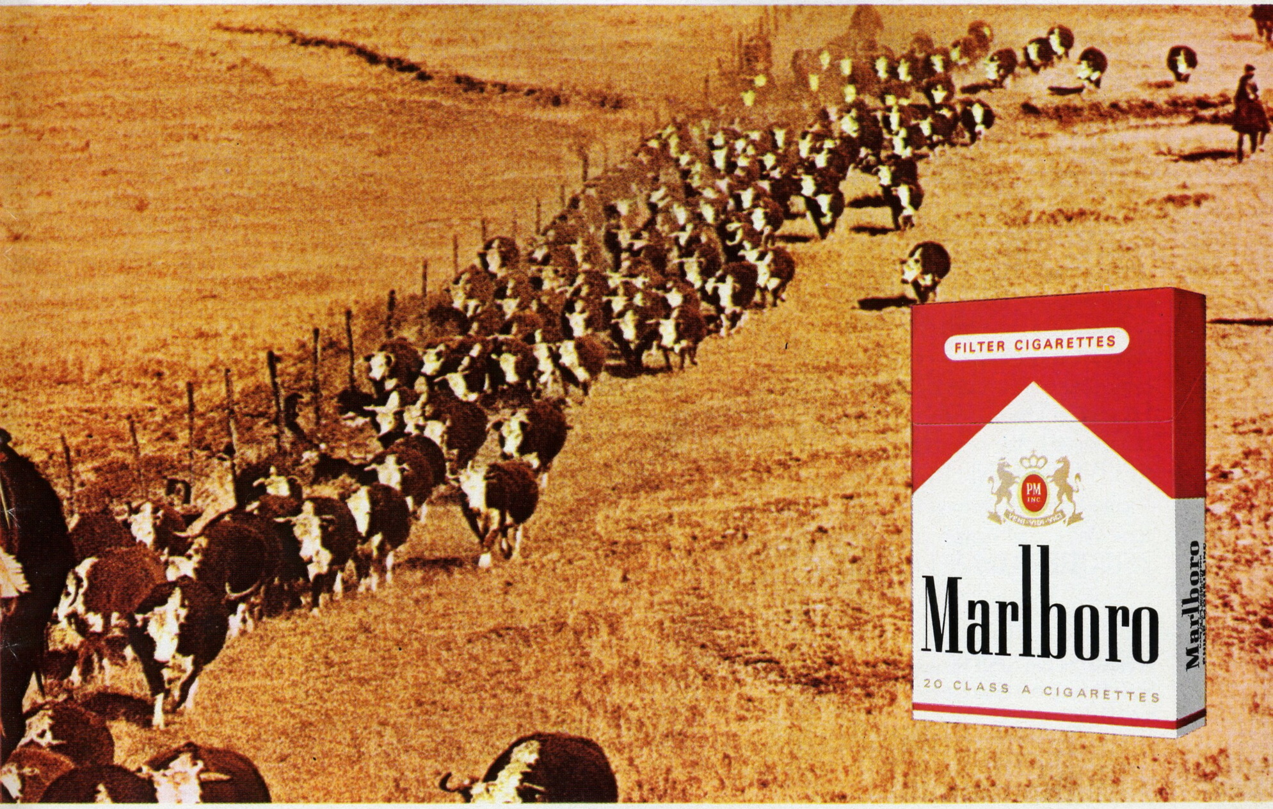
A yellow light from window panes.

A day on the sands.

Would she remember?

I wondered if the glorious Nigel would see any difference in her.

I thought of her in her bus, lurching over rough country roads, through dark countrysides, to some crossroads far away where her husband would be waiting for her. I remembered the feel of her thighs, her bottom, against my hand. I remembered her desperate kisses, and her desperate orgasms, and felt that there was something about her I hadn't known, hadn't understood, hadn't penetrated, something quite beyond sex, something that brought me, inexplicably, at the end of a trivial sexual adventure, to a feeling of sadness, strange sorrow, the feeling that there was a question, hanging above a sea-coast now entirely dark, *are you my angel,* and somewhere, possibly, perhaps in a girl soon to be lying in the arms of her husband, even an answer.



CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

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LETTERS

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climaxed and she gave a last scream and then fainted. I stayed in for a minute or so until she came to. 'Who's frigid?' I said. 'I never thought that could happen to me,' she replied. I was still in her and was hardening up again. She gave a little wriggle and said 'What have you got inside me?' 'About nine and a half inches,' I replied. She asked me to show her, so I took it out. She was awestruck. 'If I had seen that thing first you wouldn't have got within a mile of me.' But later we got back down to some good old fashioned screwing.
J.D.B., Birmingham

In Vol. 10 No. 3 you told of the girl who removed her knickers for a £5 bet and gave her boss quick 'flashes', and asked readers for any similar accounts.
Well, in 1973 my wife, Penny (who at that stage was my girl friend) and I were on holiday in Jersey. One day in our hotel room Penny changed into her bikini and put on her mini-skirt and blouse. She placed her underwear into the beach bag so she could change again on the beach. Anyway, I hid them under a pillow on the bed, to pay her back for something she'd done the previous day. Then, while sunbathing she'd undone her bra straps while lying face down on the beach, reading a book. But she later propped herself up on an elbow, and her bra fell away revealing her wonderful breasts to all and sundry.
Off we went to the beach again, and after a few hours in the sun, I made sure that we went for a swim before leaving. She was quite put out when she went to change and couldn't find her undies, but nevertheless dressed in flimsy blouse, which showed her nipples, mini and shoes.
On the way back to the hotel, I told her I had hidden her bra and panties, and immediately she flew into a temper, squirmed about, removed her blouse and skirt, wound down the window, and threw them out. We drove into the hotel's basement car park and I offered her my jersey, but she just got out of the car, breasts bobbing, stark naked, went to the lift and closed the doors before I'd even locked up the car. She got to the room, but had no key, so had to come down again to the car. This time she accepted the jersey and I fetched the key. But when we got back to the room we made love that night more passionately than ever before – she admitted that she had really been turned on by her states of undress.
P.A.T., Fleet, Hants.

Judging from a number of your correspondents, one could be forgiven for assuming that one cannot do without sex. This certainly seems to be the current myth, but many people DO do without it – married men, people like the first Rajah of Sarawak, who had his equipment shot off, and people like me.
I would think it helpful for people who have to do without sex to remember the title of a BBC Radio 3 broadcast back in 1970. It was 'Sex – An Acquired Taste'; the speaker, a D. Wright of Leicester University, pointed out that research has established that what we think about sex has to be learned. Left to himself as an animal, man can take it or leave it. We suffer no physical or mental damage either living with or without it.
(*Name and address withheld*)

Point taken. But hands up those who'd rather live without it!

As hardworking nurses we thank you for *Mayfair* – we enjoy it immensely. The particularly frank approach to sex, is surely open and honest in these enlightened times. Indeed, we feel, as obviously a great many people do, that only by opening the whole field of human experience to free examination and discussion, is liberty (and perhaps sanity) to be preserved.
The Helter Skelter cartoon in Vol. 10 No. 3, page ten, was a real hoot for us, particularly the man with his face pushed firmly into a girl's bottom!
Quite candidly, this was of special interest to us for some time ago we surprised and tackled an intruder late one night in our quarters. After a struggle we managed to pull the man back from the window and onto a leather topped bench seat, just as he was making his escape. As he slipped prostrate, a cry of 'sit

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LETTERS

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on him' went up, and several hefty girls in various stages of undress piled on top of him. Certainly, the most significant sitter was our ward sister, a large handsome lady in her 40s, her hair in rollers, and wearing just a blouse and bloomers. She promptly forced down his head near the end of the bench then turned round and sat on his face.

This experience was later talked about by those concerned, quite frankly, and we all admitted to being sexually excited while sitting on the man. Indeed, the same ward sister (who weighed 12 stone) said that as she sat on his face and knowing he couldn't do a thing to move her, she had had several small orgasms.

Have any other readers been turned on in a similar manner?
(*Name and address withheld*)

So that's a nurses' sit-in, is it . . .

Having read Vol. 9 No. 10 and the letter on troilism, I was introduced to this wonderful pleasure just recently. My friends, Shirley and John, moved to a large Victorian house and John had to work away for a week. Shirley is not too brave so I was asked to stay with her. As we have been friends since school we naturally shared the 'marital' bed. It was great talking over old times. Anyway, on the third night we retired as usual about 11.30 and must have been asleep for about four hours when I was woken by a noise. Shirley was still asleep. Then I became aware that someone was in the room with us; I was scared stiff. Then in the half light I could see it was John stripping off. Heck, I thought as I pulled the covers over my head, he's come home early and doesn't know I'm here. The next moment the bed clothes were turned back and John was in beside me – I had my back to him, not daring to move. Then he put his arm round me and fondled my breast. I remained as still as I could, but he moved his hand down and brought it up under my nightie right up to my breast again, this time taking my nipple between his finger and thumb; my breasts were tingling and my nipples were as hard as cherries. I was breathing hard and heavy and was aware that John had a huge erection. It was pushing against the cheeks of my bum. I thought what if Shirley wakes. Anyway if I took it backwards he'd probably fall asleep and I'd be able to move to the other side of the bed. I was worked up as hell – wet and ready – so I lifted my leg and helped it in. Right up it went in one push; it seemed to be filling me so that I could hardly close my legs.

John put one hand round me, gripping my breast and his other hand was round and rubbing me, bringing me to a huge climax. I now became aware that Shirley was awake. She was sitting watching and she was breathing as quickly as I was *and* she was fondling herself like mad. John noticed what was happening and leaned across me and pulled Shirley's breast from her nightie and took her nipple in his mouth and began sucking hard. John moved between Shirley's legs; they were together and going at it. This sent me masturbating, and again a lovely long orgasm. Shirley then said that John should give it to me the way he'd just done with her. By the time he'd satisfied me, I'm afraid he'd shot his bolt. Yep, this was the best sex event I have experienced. Troilism's for me.
Miss J.M., Teesside

Just proves that it's not always true that two's company and three's a crowd.

Most of your letters seem to be from people who have read *Mayfair* for some time or who are sexually experienced. I've recently left school and have been buying *Mayfair* for a few months now as I find it helps me in several ways. As you will understand, I am at the sexually frustrated age when any female in a mini-skirt and with large breasts sets my desires racing. One day I felt so frustrated that I decided I would buy an adult magazine so that I could see a nude female, even if only in a photograph. And I chose *Mayfair* because someone else in the shop had just bought a copy. As I said I've read several

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Filter Virginia
JOHN PLAYER
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LONG SIZE
Filter Virginia
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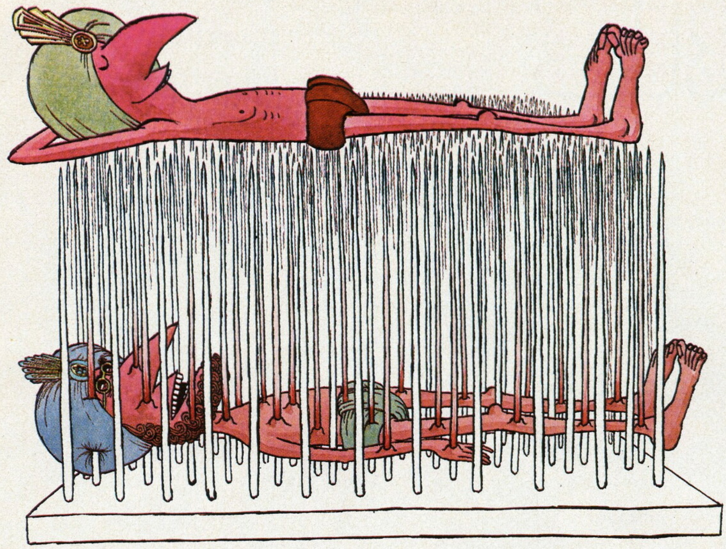
Carlton
KING SIZE
Filter Virginia
5
5
7
PCA 51 KK

PREMIUM 24p* LONG SIZE 30p* KING SIZE 38p*

*Premium and Long-Size:
As defined in H.M. Government Tables
published in September 1974.

LOW TO
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A



'Hey – I've just remembered – it's my turn on the top bunk tonight!'

copies now and have compared them with other magazines. I find that as well as sexier girls, *Mayfair* contains much more interesting articles than other mags – a case in point being Quest. As I have no sexual experience with the opposite sex, Quest, to me, is more of an education than just interesting reading. Finally I must congratulate you on what I think is one of your greatest triumphs yet – Belinda Arkwright (Vol. 9 No. 8). She must surely have one of the most sexy hairstyles ever pictured. Thank you, *Mayfair*, for helping me through a difficult age.
(Name and address withheld)

After reading your excellent magazine for several years, I always look forward to the letters which are always very arousing and entertaining. I must confess though that in the past I have been liable to take some letters with a pinch of salt – though not any more, as I recently found out for myself that 'strange' things can happen. One of the secretaries in our office lives on my route to work and I have been giving her a lift for about five years. In the last few months she has been getting later and later every morning, (she is married incidentally), so on this particular morning, I went to the door to try and hurry her up a bit. She answered my knock wearing her dressing gown, having only just got up as her husband leaves for work extremely early, thus enabling her to have a lie-in. She suggested I make some coffee while she dressed, and then

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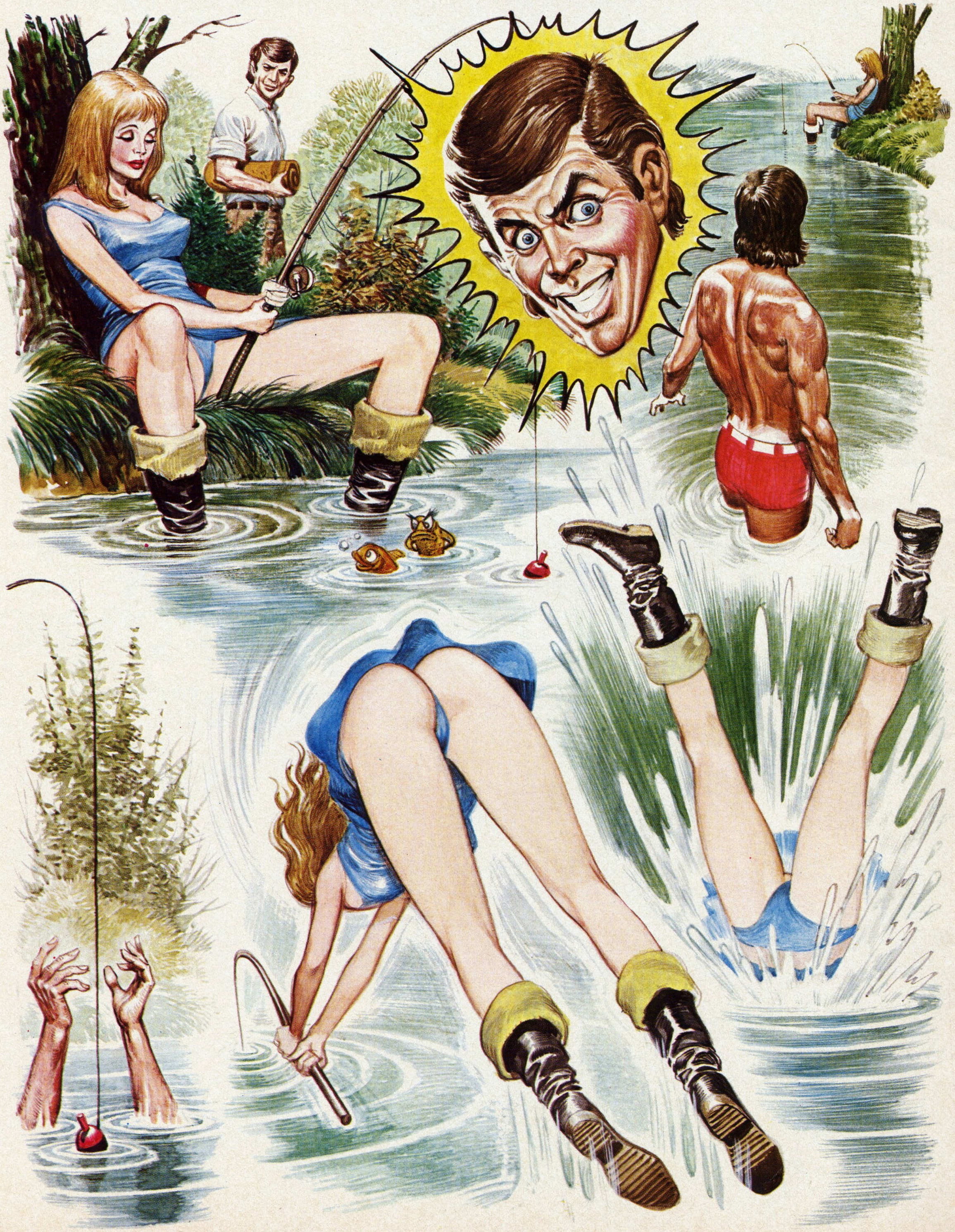
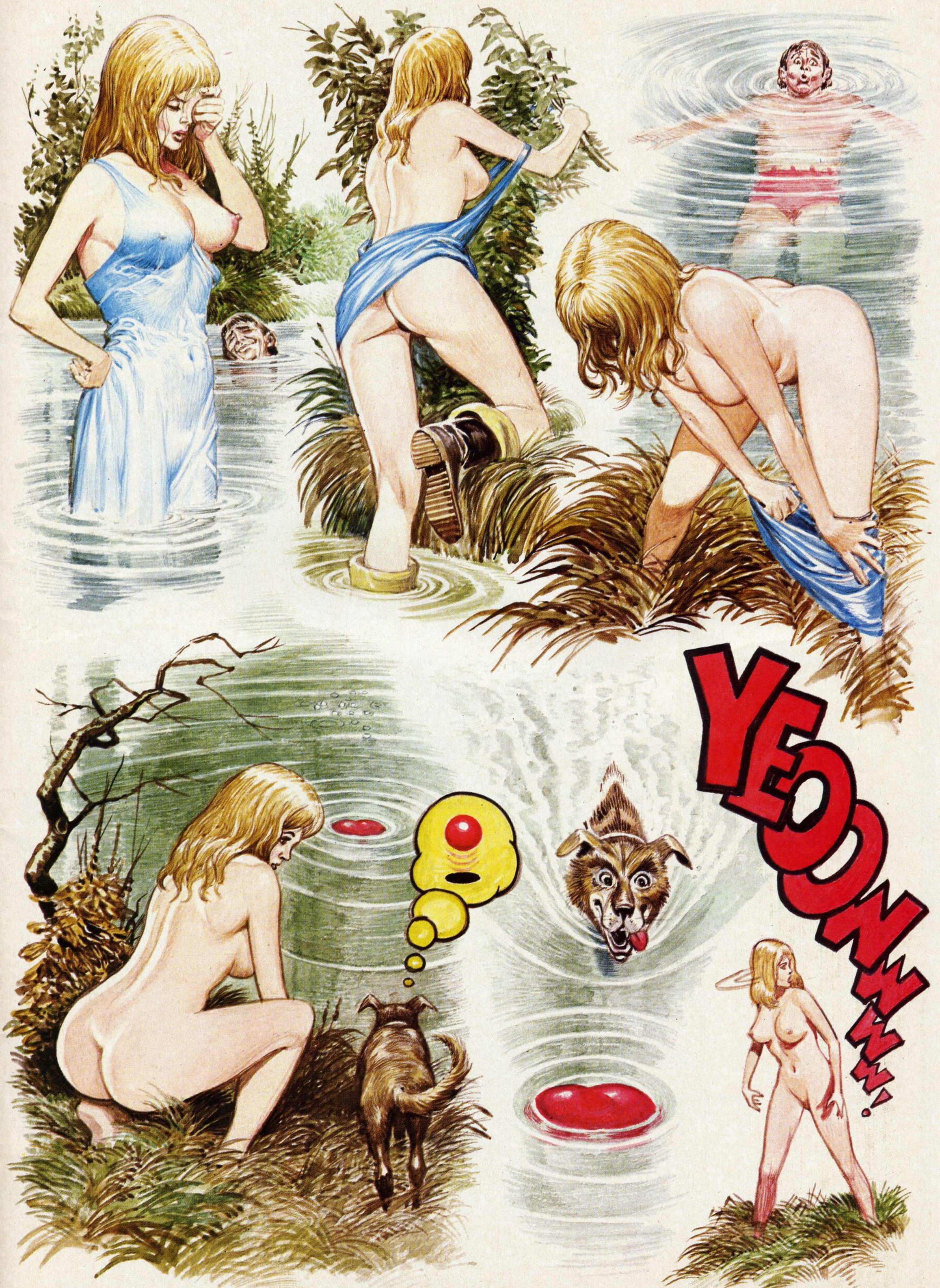
GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

CARRIE

Our stripgirl gets a ducking when a joker takes her bait




YEOOWWWW!

LETTERS

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went in to the bathroom just off the kitchen. When she came out, her dressing gown was unfastened and I saw that she was absolutely starkers underneath. My astonishment increased when I noticed that although she has a lovely head of blonde hair, her pubic hair was black. I followed her into the bedroom, all thoughts of coffee and work forgotten. I can tell you that we were very late at the office that day and I had to tell my boss that the car had broken down. Since that morning, things have progressed to the stage where I now manage to have intercourse with her two or three times a week, always in a different position from the previous time. It might also be encouraging for others who, like myself, are not that well endowed to learn that she told me that although her husband is nearly twice my own penis size, I always manage to satisfy her more than he does. I know I'm playing a dangerous game, being married myself and having an affair with a married woman, but with a wife who will not deter from the missionary position once or twice a month, I think the risk is worth it.

M.T., Northumberland

Thank you, *Mayfair*, for making my month with Vol. 10 No. 4 and Michael Sharman's photographs of shop steward's daughter, Geraldine.

This incredibly beautiful 19-year-old may not have the huge breasts of Roxanne, the previous month, but she has a bigger turn-on for me.

I'm fascinated by the pigmentation around the nipples – the areolae. So deep and dark in colour: her fabulous goose-pimpled nipples. And on top of that one of the pictures featured my favourite pose – Geraldine, rump in air, side on, on all fours with her breasts swinging full down. Let's have more pictures of dark nippled girls in this pose!

P P., Goole, South Yorks.

On the subject of adult circumcision, I was circumcised after seven years of marriage and feel I can speak knowledgeably on the differences. Firstly, my wife told me that during intercourse there is absolutely no difference in sensation, but she preferred my organ 'fully clothed' for appearance and she missed playing with the foreskin. My own reaction is that the glans is now less sensitive. When limp it has about the same sensitivity as the rest of my organ, though during erection sensitivity increases. There is no noticeable difference in intercourse, though there is probably a reduction of feeling during fellatio. I do find I can continue intercourse longer than before.

When intercourse is not possible my wife does not find it difficult to masturbate me, but she prefers to use the help of a lubricant.

Prior to circumcision I could never keep a condom on safely as it tended to roll off with the foreskin. Now it is immovable and very safe. A problem is that sensitivity is so greatly reduced that one cannot easily tell when it has entered the vagina. Before my operation no matter how frequently the organ was washed there was always an unpleasant odour, which is now entirely eliminated.

The operation was painless and only necessitated a day in the outpatients department. If the possibility of replacing the foreskin ever occurred I would not take it up. Knowing 'clothed' and 'unclothed' conditions, the advantages of circumcision far outweigh the disadvantages – at least in my opinion.

W.D.M., Haywards Heath, Sussex

Can you give me the definition of AC-DC? And I'm not referring to electricity! What is the term for a person who has intimate relations with both sexes? These two questions have been making life in our office quite intolerable of late. Don't ask me to explain. Suffice it to say that there's a very worthwhile forfeit at stake – the loser has promised to take it 'lying down'.

A.K., Coventry

AC-DC is the term applied to a person who has intimate relations with both sexes.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ